JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVI. 1991

3D EVERY THURSDAY

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE WE PAY £80,000

THE SILENCE THAT KILLS

LEARN OR PERISH by A.G.G.

Child-Minding for the Neighbours

I'D LOVE TO MIND YOUR KIDS AS WELL AS MINE WHILE YOU'RE WORKING. BUT I COULDN'T DO IT EVERY DAY
MONDAY'S IMPOSSIBLE - I'M ALL MORNING BOILING
BUT YOU DON'T STILL BOIL THE WASH?
HOW CAN YOU GET IT CLEAN IF YOU DON'T?
I'LL SHOW YOU NEXT WEEK
NEXT WEEK
LOOK, WITH RINSO YOU JUST SOAK FOR 12 MINUTES. NO BOILING AT ALL
THEY'RE A TREAT!
WASH FINE THINGS AND WOOLLIES IN COOL RINSO SUDS
SOME WEEKS LATER
IT'S GRAND OF YOU TO MIND OUR KIDS FOR US
THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME THAT TIP ABOUT WASHING!

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

3304-414

R. S. Hudson Limited

You can replace the stopper . .
we can't!
Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers are made of precious rubber and if lost cannot be renewed. To help conserve vital stocks of rubber and at the same time maintain your supplies of Bulmers, please see that the stoppers are returned to your Dealer with all 'empties.'
Bulmer's Cider
H. P. BULMER AND CO., LTD., HEREFORD.
BULMER'S DRY CIDER

FOOD FACTS

Rations for ONE

It's less easy to manage on a single ration than it is to cater for a family when one has three or four Ration Books to juggle with, but given imagination and ingenuity, it is possible for those with one Ration Book to avoid monotony and eat well.

Sometimes you will buy your meat ration in one piece, pot-roast it, and eat the remainder cold with some appetising trimming. Sometimes you will grill or stew your three chops, or make pie, pudding and casserole out of your 1s. 2d. worth of stewing steak. A vegetable stew with dumplings, or a cheese and vegetable pasty will provide you with another main meal. Bacon Hash, a risotto of diced liver sausage, a Pilchard salad, or Scotch eggs or Mock Hamburgers are other good dishes for the man or woman who lives alone.

Pot Roast

Ingredients : The joint or cut of beef, 1 lb. mixed root vegetables including spring onions, 2 tablespoons dripping, salt and pepper, vegetable stock or water. *Method :* Melt the dripping in a saucepan with a well-fitting lid. When the dripping is hot put the meat in and cook it on every side to seal the juices. Take it out and put aside. Slice the vegetables, drop into the fat with a teaspoonful of salt and a shaking of pepper. Put on the lid and cook the vegetables over a very low heat for five minutes. Replace the meat on a bed of vegetables, replace the lid and cook over a low heat for 1½ to 2 hours. If the pan gets too dry, add a little vegetable stock or water.

A week's Menu for one person living alone and recipes for many of the dishes mentioned may be had, free of charge. Please send postcard marked "leaflets" to the Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 213

If you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, if you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

NO 'Golden Shred' J.R. instead

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's Robertson's -you can depend on it!

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London Paisley Manchester Bristol

'CAMP' COFFEE

Still contains ONLY good coffee, chicory and pure sugar

SCARCE BUT GOOD

Look at him now

AND YET he was once a puny, so fretful and nothing would stay on his stomach. Then his mother tried Nestlé's Milk and, almost overnight, a change came about. Mother says Nestlé's was a godsend. And all because Nestlé's Milk is rich, full cream country milk, Nature's own perfect food, so prepared that even a delicate baby can digest it easily.

Nestlé's Milk

RICHEST IN CREAM

Close Shave! The Standard Gillette bladé is an expert at getting to grips wherever the enemy is thickest. It makes smooth tracks through the heaviest going. It is made of fine steel — worthily carrying on the peace-time tradition of the famous Blue Gillette.

Gillette in battledress

Gillette "Standard" and "Standard Thin" Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

If you can't always get them, remember they're worth trying for! Production still restricted

CALM and CONFIDENT

Smokers can look with confidence to the calm enjoyment they derive from their old favourite — Player's.

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

JOHN BULL
Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 12, 1944, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

BREAK-THROUGH

Straight from the Shoulder

GERMANY'S bastions are not so much crumbling as being swamped by a flood of Allied men, aircraft and armour.

The Russians have broken through. So have the Americans and the British. Alexander's motley but magnificent army is surpassing the swift advance of his ancient namesake.

The news, in a word, is—GOOD.

Going South

In Normandy, Montgomery has confounded the wiseacres who argued that his main objective would be Paris. Obstinately, he has justified JOHN BULL'S opinion that the encirclement and destruction of Rommel's army is even more desirable than the liberation of the French capital.

So he has struck southwards to the Loire, to cut off the Brest Peninsula, to swing round on the German flank—and then, no doubt, to move eastwards to Paris.

Omar Nelson

To the Canadians he entrusted the hardest and least spectacular task—running down the enemy "hinge" at Falaise. Let us remember that! He was splendidly served by the British forces under General Dempsey.

But it was an American, Omar Nelson Bradley, to whom fell the honour of leading the break-through which converted the battle in Normandy into the battle for France. It was a well-merited honour.

Doughboys' General

As unusual in appearance as in his Christian names, Bradley is the man who taught U.S. infantry to win their fights.

Though placed only 44th in his class when he graduated in 1915, though he did not get his first combat command until eighteen months ago, this "Doughboys' General" has proved his worth.

Ordered by Alexander to take Bizerta, he moved his force of 100,000 men over 300 miles of mountains in ten days—and took Bizerta. He assured Alexander that Sicily could be taken in thirty-eight days—and was only one day out. We may assume that he will be definitely "in" for the rest of this war.

Young Man

On the eastern front, another distinguished name has become a household word. He belongs to the most junior of the Russian senior commanders.

General Cherniakhovsky is aged thirty-six, son of a Jewish railwayman. Until and then successor of Marshal Vatutin, a Hero of the Soviet Union twice over, he has pushed the door to East Prussia wide open and fired the first shots on German soil.

So his name, too, will not be forgotten by the enemy.

State of Flux

Perhaps it is a little invidious to pick out one Soviet commander. For the whole Russian front is on the move towards Berlin, which our Allies hope to reach within a month or so!

Mid-September may seem an optimistic guess. But the Germans themselves say that Mr. Churchill is determined to end the war by autumn, the Russians have sworn there will not be another war winter, German staff orders admit that losses cannot be replaced, and even the Hamburg trams have had to be converted into freight carriers because of the shortage of oil.

Lagging Behind

All this, of course, is no reason for complacency and no justification for the serious fall in U.S. arms production.

The war's end will not come until the Japanese as well as the Germans are defeated.

It will call for every item of equipment that can be produced. Ask the troops.

Into the Plains

Read, for instance, how stubbornly the enemy has defended the Italian heights. There, fortunately, our men should soon be pouring down into the easier country of the Lombardy Plains.

They will be helped as well as welcomed by the workers in the great cities of Northern Italy. And no doubt they will be ready for a campaign in another country.

Turkey's Decision

Across the Adriatic an enormous question-mark has arisen. Will the Balkans provide us with a bloodless victory?

The Turkish move should encourage the Bulgarians to sidle out of the conflict. Indeed, they are already reported to be seeking contact with Russian envoys. And if Bulgaria capitulates, the war-weary Rumanians will have an excellent excuse for dropping their pro-German pilots and saving themselves from complete disaster.

Lost

"Once Papen falls, Germany is lost." That has long been the view of the Junkers.

Von Papen, the symbol of German success, who introduced Hitler to the rich industrialists and thus ensured financial support for the Nazis, has now packed his bags for Berlin. For years he played a skilful diplomatic game; but it was a losing one.

Red Light

Again, Hitler dared not allow Finland to break away lest it should be the signal for his Balkan satellites to quit. Therefore, he forbade his twenty-six to thirty divisions in the Baltic States to retreat before the encircling Russians.

Now he is losing them, and Finland, to gain nothing!

Another Uncle Joe

From Washington comes a curt item of news that foreshadows great events in the Far East: Stilwell is to be a full general. Just that!

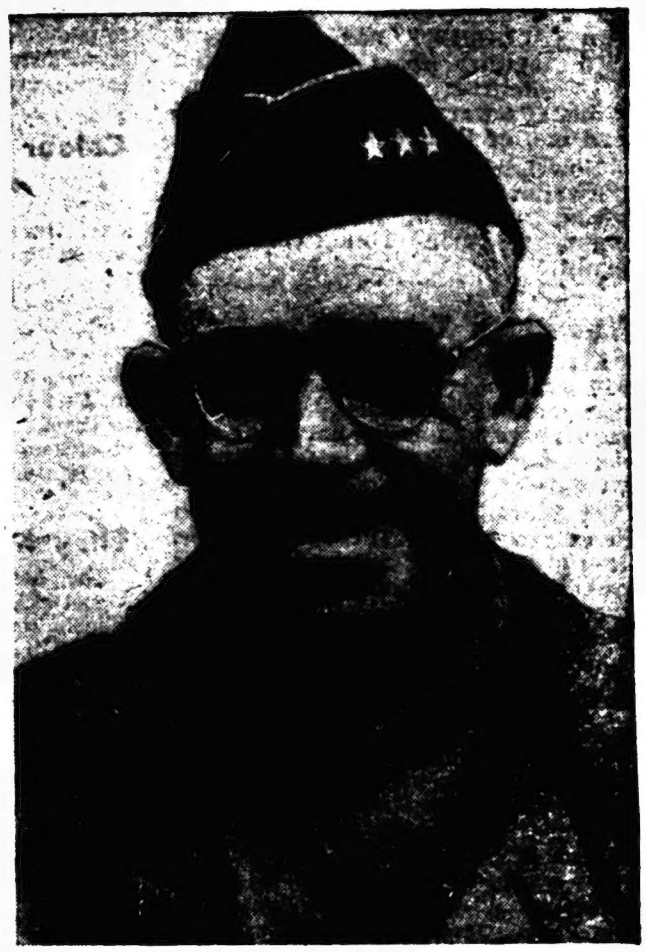
"Uncle Joe" Stilwell commands the Americans, Chinese and the British Chindits in the Burma-China sector. His promotion is the prelude to full mobilisation of China's illimitable millions into a closely organised, fully equipped army.

Backed by British and American fighters, fleets and aircraft—and perhaps mighty aid from another quarter—it should spell the final defeat of the Japanese hordes and justify the confidence Mr. Churchill revealed last week.

V1 and 2

In his references to the flying bomb, however, the Prime Minister showed only the black side of the picture.

By all means tell the world the facts—but not a few of the facts! And to reveal our casualty figures and the appalling damage to property is merely to comfort the enemy. Whereas *if* the world were also told the proportion of our successes against the flying bomb, the enemy might be made to feel some discomfort.



Bradley was only forty-fourth in his class—but he's a good General

Get Away!

Again, the Prime Minister bluntly advised "non-essential" civilians to leave the capital in view of the possibility of rocket-shell attacks.

But our transport services are already severely strained by people in search of safety from the flying bomb.

Defence Areas were opened to travellers when the trains were needed for child evacuees. Then the holiday rush started. Service leave was resumed. Extra trains were put on—but kept secret.

So what should have been an organised and orderly movement has become a mad scramble.

Seven Weeks

Moreover, the delay of seven weeks in deciding on an Imminent Danger signal is indefensible.

In this respect, too, it would be surprising if the appropriate Ministers and Service authorities had failed to give advice in good time. We can only hope that in future the anecdote of Nelson's blind eye will be less popular in the highest quarters.

It Can't be Wrong

To Jim Griffiths, M.P., can be awarded our thanks for the most alert observation of the week:

"If it is right for the State to own and run factories to produce instruments of war, then it cannot be wrong for the State to own and produce instruments of peace."

It will certainly be monstrously wrong if Government factories are handed over to private interests before the public's urgent demands are fulfilled.

Nice Present

Probably our leaders have no such intentions. But the tentative agreement with shipping interests—by which State-built ships are to become private property after the war—has not encouraged confidence outside the City of London and the Liverpool dockside.

Pay Docked

As for pensions, only a Government official could any longer feel confidence in the Government's curious conception of justice.

Mr. Kendall, M.P., points out that the allowance for a child whose father is in the Services is 12s. 6d. a week. But if the father is killed the child's allowance is cut to 11s. And the widow's allowance is cut by half-a-crown.

Bad Word

The Minister of Pensions does not explain by what crooked reasoning a woman is supposed to require less money for herself and her children when her husband dies for his country.

He merely says that the Government has said the last word on the subject.

It's a bad word.

(Continued overleaf)

FLY BOMBS!

A FREE INSURANCE POLICY Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

OVER £80,000 AIR-RAID CLAIMS PAID

Registered readers are automatically qualified for the full range of benefits and need not re-register unless they change their address or newsagent. Readers who have not yet registered can obtain registration forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department. 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Straight from the Shoulder —continued from preceding page

PARLIAMENT has gone home again. Apart from the final flourish of the Prime Minister's war review, Members had had one of their quietest sessions.

Now back in their constituencies, they should collect plenty of ammunition to fire at the Government when Question Time comes on again.

Yeovil on Top

Evacuation, for instance. Many M.P.s will get a chance to see at first hand how that's been working. They'll find results have been mixed, but that generally the scheme is now running smoothly.

At Yeovil, in Somerset, there's been scarcely a hitch. The children have been given a grand welcome and their parents—most of them Surrey people—are delighted. Yeovil certainly goes to the top.

Good for Mr. Cole

In contrast, there's been the opposition to compulsory billeting in Newmarket. There, horses get beautifully maintained stables as a right and London mothers and children have been sneered at.

But Mr. Cole, the billeting officer, took a hand in that. He had to tackle "racing hostesses," who thought four to six guineas was reasonable for a night's lodging. (Bookmakers not long ago offered the manager of the local cinema five pounds to sleep in the stalls for a night.)

Tact—and Force

There were one or two prosecutions—and a good deal of tact—and Mr. Cole got his way. His chief trouble has been that the Rest Centres have been so comfortable that evacuees haven't wanted to move out. Still, the Centres are nearly all empty now and every racehorse trainer in the place is looking after someone more valuable than the fastest beast that ever looked like winning the Derby.

Chance for Billeting?

Billeting officers, who've done so well on the whole, continue to have some blind spots.

Didn't one of them see the advertisement in the threepenny newspaper the other day? A gentleman in a charming country house offered for six months to take two or three paying guests at the all-inclusive charge of fifteen guineas each a week.

Colour Again

Latest piece of colour-bar nonsense comes in a Hampshire Church magazine. Just listen to this: "In case we should have Coloured Troops stationed here, we are wise to realise beforehand that we cannot give them the friendly hospitality that we like to give to all soldiers stationed here. It is not without reason that they are a people apart in America, and it is a great surprise to them if English women in particular are friendly and mix with them as they do with white men."

They Miss Their Head

The headmaster of a Kent village school retired a few weeks ago. When school reopened no new head had arrived, but work went on as usual under the staff. With a difference. Dinners in the school canteen stopped.

It seems that now there's no one to deal with the hundred-and-one little things that everyone took for granted—coupons, points, bills, and the like. So the children have to try to walk home for dinner.

The Egg Man

Anyone who's been lucky enough to go to the quiet of Bala in North Wales lately may have met a shabbily dressed man, pleading poverty, who's been calling at farms, asking for eggs on health grounds. If he got the eggs he produced an official warrant showing that he was from the Ministry of Food. A summons was threatened.

Doesn't that sound something like a dirty trick?

Losing Credit

Incidentally, it seems very wrong that a miner who is forced by ill-health to give up work loses his holiday money if he finishes before the last day in July.

That's what's happened to one of our readers, although he has nearly twelve months' work to his credit since the end of last June.

What's a Quart?

A letter from Normandy records the consumption by one of our soldiers of his first pint of beer across the water. It cost him 1s. 6d. a pint bottle. The Secretary of State for War maintains that the charge is 1s. 5d. "per reputed quart." That peculiar phrase, he says, means a pint and a fifth. Whatever it means, and even if the beer is stronger than at home, eighteen-pence is too much.

Spoilt Soldier

The troops won't be slow to say so. They never are slow to spot a "grouse." But surely the gunner who wrote from Devon the other day was expecting a bit too much in war time. He complains bitterly about the landlord at the "local" who will not sell him a box of matches unless he buys a packet of cigarettes. "I have myself been refused matches and so have quite a number of my comrades," he writes. "I am sure that is no way to salute the soldier."

What rubbish.

Irishman's Rise

To a more serious Service matter—the recent changes in pay and allowances for Servicemen's wives, described as increases. Some wives have found that not only have their supplementary allowances for a child been cut, but their income now debars them from free orange juice, cod-liver oil, and milk. One mother we know gets 1s. 3d. a week more as a result of her much-heralded "rise."

Hard-Hearted

The Air Ministry sometimes excels itself for hard-heartedness. A girl who has done very good service for three years as a W.A.A.F. recently asked if she could be released to look after her invalid mother, who can scarcely walk. Her father had gone to hospital with a serious and lasting illness. Were there any other relatives? Yes. A grandmother aged 89. "But surely," said the Air Ministry "your mother and grandmother could get along together. . . ."

Helping Hand

"Everybody's Books," a firm with a branch in the Charing Cross Road, has had a good idea. At least, it's a good idea for "Everybody's Books." They buy up Penguins, which used to cost sixpence and are now a fine ninepennyworth, and rebind them in a thin paper cover. Then they sell them for 1s. 6d. They do it, they say, so that as many books as possible may do their job twice and so help the vital Save Paper campaign.

Too Limited

Some people might call that patriotic. Mr. Alan Lane, managing director of the Penguin publishers, calls it profiteering.

Apparently, though, there's nothing illegal in it, and the Price Control Committee can do nothing. Which shows, once again, that its powers are far too limited.

Security Move?

The Censors have some funny ways. A readef's stepson was killed in the Anzio beach-head and buried there. An American soldier took a photograph of the grave and sent the film, which included pictures of his own friends, to relatives in England. He asked them to have a print of the grave sent to the dead man's stepfather, who lives in Northern Ireland.

They posted it. But it was never delivered. The Censors returned it for delivery *after the war is over.*

First in the Field

A SHOCK FOR THE PEASANTS!

ON a certain morning in the year 1770, some peasants working in the fields alongside a poplar-lined French road were startled by a hissing and rumbling in the distance, and throwing down their tools they ran to the hedge.

To their utter astonishment, they saw approaching along the road, in snorting jerks, a sort of outsize bathchair with three wheels, in which sat a man, his hands occupied with various levers and the steering arrangement attached to the front wheel.

After progressing for about forty or fifty yards at walking pace, the contraption came to a halt, still hissing and with clouds of steam emerging from a cumbersome piece of machinery attached to it.

Gathering round the owner of this strange vehicle, the peasants watched him make certain adjustments before he climbed back into his extraordinary seat.

With a violent jerk which scattered the audience like a flock of pigeons, the "bathchair" leaped forward and progressed another forty yards before having to receive further adjustments.

Though they did not realise it at the time, the peasants were witnesses of an historic event—the first journey of the world's first motorist!

The driver was Nicholas Cugnot, in his three-wheeled "road-wagon"—the father of all motor cars.

P. S.

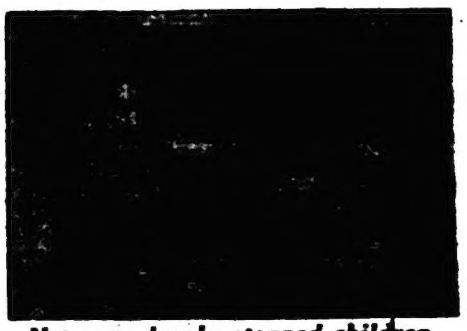
Where the Children Play

● Wintoun Street, Leeds. An ordinary, dull-sounding address. But it's the home of romance, adventure, make-believe. For every Saturday night there's a brilliant transformation scene in an old and dingy upstairs hall.

The Children's Theatre comes to life—the first of its kind in the country, because it really does belong to the children. They run it; they do the producing, and the acting.

* * *

They have a grown-up chairman, Mr. Edward Malkin, who guides the production side, but he doesn't believe in interfering with his young stars, even though the oldest is only fifteen and the youngest eleven. They have a weekly committee meeting which solves the problems and maintains discipline.



Not even bombs stopped children from acting in London's battered East End!

The children do their own casting, some of them write the shorter plays. About the only time they have to call in the grown-ups is when there's a heavy bit of scene-shifting to be done.

Normally, that is. But just lately an emergency has arisen. The Children's Theatre will have to leave Wintoun Street next month unless £1,000 can be raised to buy the premises. Still, spirits are high and enough ideas have come to make it pretty certain that the money will be raised.

* * *

It must be. Haven't these children had inquiries about their work from Moscow? And New York's Guild Theatre? Haven't their performances of the "Wild Geese" (Russian fable) and a new version of "The Pied Piper" drawn professionals from the London stage into their audiences?

He Dodged the Column

Here's a true story told to one of our readers when he was at the front. Only the names have been changed.

IT was in the big push on the Mareth Line. There was a German machine-gun on a little hill at the side of the road firing with deadly accuracy at an advanced British patrol.

Most of their water had gone. They had to advance somehow. The captain summoned his sergeant, and the sergeant told his five volunteers. One of them was Private Fred Jackson.

★ ★ ★

The half-dozen men started to creep up the side of the hill farthest away from them. They got to within a hundred yards of the German machine-gunners. Then one man stumbled.

The enemy heard his rifle clatter down. The machine-guns swept round and four of the brave little party fell dead. Private Jackson and the sergeant lay huddled behind a rock. There was a bullet through the sergeant's thigh.

It wasn't easy to make him comfortable, but Jackson did his best. Then, as they lay still he said: "Wait a minute, I'm going up there to finish those Jerries off. But if I don't come back I want you to give this letter to my mum."

He pulled a letter from his trouser-leg pocket. It was addressed to Mrs. Harrison.

The sergeant looked and asked, "Old girl got married twice or something?"

"No," said Private Jackson, "Harrison's my real name. I'll tell you.

"I'd been married about five months. Good. I was happy. But Peggy always had a cough, and she wouldn't go to the doctor. It was about the only thing we ever had words about. Then, one evening she was clearing the tea things away when she coughed her heart up and vomited.

"The doctor was pretty gloomy. Advanced T.B. The hospital said the same thing next morning. They gave Peggy six months, perhaps a year to live."

From the other side of the rock there came a rattle of machine-gun fire.

"When we got back from the hospital," said Private Jackson, "my calling-up papers were on the door-mat. I made up my mind straight away that I wasn't going—at least, not until Peg died. Then it wouldn't matter.

"Two days later we'd sold everything and went off to my Uncle Henry's in Hampshire. I knew he didn't like war much either.

"After we'd been down there about six weeks Peggy began to get better. Listen to those bloody Jerries. I'll see to them in a minute. I was out rabbiting one night, and on my way back I heard an aeroplane. And an explosion near the cottage. I ran.

"There was a heap of rubble. Peggy was dead. They had murdered my wife. I remember getting a lift to Southampton and I got into the Army under a false name. It doesn't matter now.

"And now," said Jackson, "I'll make a start. Don't forget that letter."

★ ★ ★

He got to within thirty yards of the German position before they heard him. Then they fired. They were too late. Private Jackson hurled his grenades, and with the last one he screamed out, "That's for Peg." Then he dropped, shot to pieces.

The advanced patrol buried him where he fell. The captain said some nice things about Private Fred Jackson—alias Harrison.

J. G.

REFORM THE SCHOOLS

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

● Equality of opportunity—the slogan of educational reformers—should imply a general building up, not a levelling down.

It cannot be achieved so long as it is felt that a free education is inferior to a bought one.

And many people will continue to send their children to expensive private and public schools, hoping to gain for them certain social advantages by doing so.

To counter this snobbery and jobbery we should first of all make certain that the council schools are second to none in educational value.

And then decide to measure—and reward—educational success by the extent of service to the community which well-trained youth can offer.

We live in a world of snobs, always have done, and, to some extent, always shall. Fortunately, however, values are changing even in snobbery itself. Privilege counts for less and performance for far more than they used to do.

Gone with the wind of this change are the poky little private schools for "the sons and daughters of gentlemen." But the great "public" schools remain.

They are said to provide a first-class education. And hitherto they have certainly provided a first-class ticket to preferment in professional circles and in the service of Church and State.

Indeed, it is true to say that Britain has been governed by the public schools for centuries. So, though "the old school tie" has become a stock jest with comedians, it still has many tie-ups which are no laughing matter.

Hence the report of the Fleming Committee—earnest, painstaking, and devoid of conscious humour—which recommends far more numerous scholarships to Eton, Harrow, and the rest of them.

JOHN BULL, always in the forefront of the campaign for equal educational opportunity, agrees that there should be generous scholarship grants. We approve, too, the suggested provision of dress and pocket money sufficient to meet the school average.

But, though examination results may not be the best standard of fitness for educational "promotion," actual knowledge does count—and it remains to be seen whether psychological tests plus headmasters' reports will pick more winners than the old competitive system contrived to do.

In any case, unless scholarship lads from the council schools can be sure of obtaining a really *better* education at a public school than they would elsewhere, it is hard to understand why their parents should want to send them to one.

Unless—possibly—in the hope that they will get some share of that special privilege which most sensible people want to abolish!

We repeat, therefore, that the aim of reformers should be to raise the standard of council and technical education to a level which will meet any competition.

Secondly, the nation should see that business, professional, and Civil Service doors are opened wide to young people of ability, no matter where they have been educated.

This is a reform which certainly should be encouraged by all progressive employers.

Above all, we should educate ourselves as a community to appreciate education in terms of useful citizenship.

Away with all the spurious snobbery which esteems "book learning" and despises even the best technical training!

For the man who is skilled in his own craft deserves our respect no less than the man of letters—and, in the years to come, will certainly be no less indispensable.

Desperate Shortage

● Britain's housing position is going from bad to worse. Mr. Churchill, in his review of the enemy's flying-bomb campaign, made it clear that these missiles have made roughly a quarter of a million homes uninhabitable within two months.

Yet the Government is planning to build only 300,000 permanent homes during the *two years* following the armistice!

Not a gap, but a chasm, yawns between the country's needs and the preparations to satisfy them.

True, we are promised another 300,000 Portal Homes during this same post-armistice period of twenty-four months.

But these steel rabbit-hutches are only meant to last for ten years—and a good job, too! They are too small even for small families.

They may serve as makeshift dwellings for childless couples or for those with an only child. Even so, their brief rentals will show a loss to the country of between forty and fifty pounds a year.

One might as well fling a lamb chop to a hungry lion as offer this paltry lot of temporary dwellings to our house-starved community.

JOHN BULL will not cease its campaign for a bold and truly national housing policy.

We have demanded one in season and out of season—ever since the world war made it certain that overcrowding must become worse instead of better unless this scourge be fought as resolutely as we are fighting the Germans and the Japs.

It is a national scandal that Britain should be nearing victory with no building programme worthy even of intelligent criticism.

A year ago it was admitted that we would finish the war short of *at least* four million houses. We may need double that number before the guns cease firing and the buzz bombs—and possibly the rockets—have been put out of action.

Again and again JOHN BULL has described housing as "Home Problem No. 1." To-day it dwarfs all others into relative insignificance.

But the Government seems so braced with its admitted success in winning the war that it will not seriously consider the growing possibility of losing the peace.

It has made no attempt to control the price of houses though they are being sold and resold, often by sheer speculators, at double and sometimes for nearly treble their pre-war prices.

It has no national land policy. Its boldest proposals have been framed to placate the property owner and to keep the vested interests from making too much trouble.

But our leaders will find that the public will not tolerate this political cowardice much longer. Let them beware the anger of the fighting man if he should be denied a roof to his head when he comes home to peace!

The time for chatter and consideration has gone by. Peace may come at any moment, and all the half dozen pompous Ministries concerned should be ready for it with a national plan for the total mobilisation of our building resources.

Away with privilege and precedent! We need houses—millions of them, not thousands. And the public does not intend to be bled white for them by any gang of ruthless profiteers.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. E. G. HEMMERDE, K.C.,

Recorder of Liverpool

DEAR MR. HEMMERDE,—Rarely have I occasion to criticise your utterances. Your knowledge of human nature and its imperfections is so profound that I wonder whether I am right in taking you to task now.

Yet I feel that *your* criticism of interference with Borstal sentences passed by judges is not wholly justified. While it is true that some offenders, released before their sentences have expired, fall foul of the law again, they are in so small a minority that it would be absurd to penalise the great majority by keeping them in prison homes when they are deemed fitted to return to society.

A youth who returns to crime should not be a drag on ninety-nine others who go straight on being released. In any case, he'd go wrong again whether he served his full sentence or not.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. H. GUY DAIN,

Chairman, British Medical Association Council

DEAR DOCTOR,—Medical men are difficult to please. The doctor has always set himself up as a superior being and sometimes his treatment of patients (poor ones, of course) is far from kindly.

It was inevitable that doctors as a whole were hostile to the Government's national health scheme; and it is equally inevitable that the doctors must fall into line. Perhaps you realise that when you declare that experts (presumably doctors) should be given a responsible part in the direction of the scheme.

No one will deny that the medical profession should play an adequate part in direction, providing that rôle is a helpful and constructive one, and not one of hindrance and hostility.

The doctor, with his "closed shop," has many privileges. He has earned them. But he has also obligations—the first of them being the well-being of the people. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. E. CARPENTER,

Chairman, Hendon Magistrates

DEAR MR. CARPENTER,—Courage in public life is one of the greatest assets any land can have in maintaining not only the rights of the citizens of the land, but also in acting as a brake on those in high authority.

You spoke out "loud and bold" recently when you refused to hear evidence in a case because "Parliament may not have passed regulations into law," and you added: "A Minister of the Crown has made a fearful blunder. . . . Some departments are attempting to establish a dictatorship. This Bench will not stand for it."

Only a few days ago a penitent Mr. Morrison apologised profusely to M.P.s and confessed shame for his failure to lay National Fire Service Regulations before Parliament in proper form three years ago.

Not even Ministers are infallible. Their work and their actions must be the subject of vigilant examination and, if necessary, criticism.

The more watchdogs they have, the more warily they will go, and the less inclined they will be to take liberties with the liberty of the subject.

I wish there were more magistrates like you—men not afraid to speak their minds even where Ministries are concerned.—JOHN BULL.

Lady Allen of Hurtwood works for the future generation

Lady ALLEN of Hurtwood,

Hurtwood House, Albury, Guildford

DEAR LADY ALLEN,—Your plea for a public inquiry into the methods of rearing children in "homes" and institutions should remind the authorities of the tragic and terrible cases I revealed last March.

This present war has accentuated the pitiable problem of the unwanted child. The problem will be worse before the war ends. Some fortunate orphans have found refuge in the homes of kindly, decent people. They will not be denied a chance in life.

Others, less fortunate, go to homes and hostels run by charitable organisations. We cannot blame these institutions because they have to be run cheaply. In spite of generous support there is rarely enough money to keep the children in comfort.

The simple answer to that is, of course, that if certain institutions, because of lack of funds and because their income is not assured, cannot give these poor kiddies a chance to grow up in warm, happy surroundings, they should be closed. Moreover, as I have revealed, unwanted children are merely herded with young offenders!

The system which permits these obsolete expressions of another age still to exist in an enlightened nation is at fault.

The Government has a responsibility in the matter. So has the public. But the vast majority of people in Britain to-day are too concerned with their own troubles to worry about "homeless" children.

I fail to see how the Government can refuse to support an inquiry such as you demand. And I fail, too, to see how the results of such an inquiry cannot help but benefit the orphans of the world's storms.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman J. FORRESTER,

Lindsey (Lincs.) County Council

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Now you *have* put the cat among the Civil Defence (clothing) pigeons.

As chairman of the Civil Defence Emergency Committee, you have backed up whole-heartedly a council warning that members of the Civil Defence Services who wear, when off duty, their uniforms and boots will be prosecuted.

There will be bitter criticism of this warning. Many C.D. workers regard the uniforms as their own property, although they know they will have to return them when the war is over.

But for once I agree with you and decide against the splendid men whose record in this war is one of the most praiseworthy of the war.

They were equipped at the cost of the State to perform certain duties. They were not issued with uniforms and boots so that they could preserve their civilian clothes—*and coupons*—at the expense of the taxpayer.

If C.D. workers were granted this privilege—and many of them are far from wanting it—then the Home Guard would be justified in wearing *their* boots and uniforms for gardening or any odd job that had to be done at home.

There has been too much abuse of this uniform business. It must cease.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE GIBSON,

Champion of the Mental Hospital Workers

DEAR SIR,—I have often wondered how the nurses and other attendants in mental hospitals manage to stick to their job year after year.

No only because of the nature of their work, which demands unceasing and almost superhuman patience, tact and kindness. But also because their pay is atrociously inadequate, their pension scales anomalous, and their general conditions so unattractive.

Well, I still marvel. I can offer them only my respect and admiration.

But you, after a lifetime's effort on their behalf, have been able to obtain something more practical for them. A committee, of which you were a member, has just reported to the Minister of Health, and he has lost no time in asking local authorities and hospitals to accept its recommendations.

A 96-hour fornight. Free uniform to all nursing staff. A complete day off-duty each week, twenty-eight days' annual holiday. Wages ranging from £450 to £620 for the chief male nurse of a large hospital, and other pay scales *pro rata*.

That will be good news for thousands of deserving men and women. And it should permit you a smile of satisfaction. —JOHN BULL.

Peace Leaves the Village Green

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

BEFORE the war you would have called it a truly rural village. The nearest station is four miles away, and on only two days a week is there a 'bus link with the outer and more important (?) world.

I dropped into one of the two pubs which flourish in friendly rivalry. They are only a few yards apart, and their main mission to-day seems to be catering for thirsty American soldiers whose camps cover acre after acre of the surrounding countryside.

★ ★ ★

As I drank my ale—it cost 5d., a price I thought I should never pay again—two radio sets burst into musical life. One, from the landlord's quarters, began with some good old English songs. The other, tuned in by some American sergeants who were celebrating pay day in the parlour, switched to a jazz and crooning programme.

There I was, caught hopelessly in the musical discord of two violently opposed tastes. As I finished my ale at a gulp and walked into the sunshine, a couple of village girls, stockingless and dressed in their meagre best, joined the Americans in the parlour.

I reflected that village life in many parts of England will not easily regain the unruffled tempo of living which characterised it before the war.

American swing music, American extravagance—how these boys do spend! —American approach to customs which have their roots in the countryside, must all have their effect on the outlook of the youths and girls whose minds are influenced by the spectacular habits of the Doughboys.

Perhaps it is not a change for the worse. It may be that the lethargy and resignation of village life will give way to a desire for a wider and better life.

The change may mean the end of the anachronism, the village pump. It must spell the death sentence on those gloomy, insanitary cottages whose poor interiors and lack of amenities are reproaches to the cleanliness of the fields that surround them.

★ ★ ★

Yet I feel that the only result will be a vague discontent at the uneventful tenor of rural life; that the call of the land will be unheeded; and that the girls who once played around with the Americans will view with distaste the prospect of a future spent without what our Atlantic cousins call "whoopee."

The only consoling thought is that war or no war, the villages will survive and the rich soil will continue to yield its fruits. Beyond that no one dare hope.

The Silence That Killed

A scene from John Steinbeck's film "The Moon is Down" in which passive resistance and reason defeated the German invaders of a Norwegian village

WHEN he stood in the doorway with the big cape about his shoulders, he seemed to blot out the world beyond.

"If you please," he said and became immediately aware of the silence. He took off his officer's cap, made a slight bow to the old man and the young girl and added: "My name is Werner von Ebrennac."

The girl had closed the door and was staring straight in front of her. The old man put down his coffee cup, folded his hands and sat—silent.

There was nothing negative in the silence. It was alive, challenging, and it brought the Nazi officer to a halt. He stood without moving for several seconds.

The silence deepened, thickened, until it threatened to choke, and then his curiously colourless voice said: "I could go up to my room now, but I do not know the way."

The young girl walked to the stairs without a glance at the officer and began to climb them. He followed her up.

It was the beginning of one of the strangest stories of French resistance to the German invaders, a story which has nothing to do with sabotage, or violence, a story where the only weapon used was—silence.

Under the title, *Le Silence de la Mer* (The Silence of the Sea), this story was published in Occupied France at the personal expense and with terrible hazards by a Frenchman belonging to the underground organisation. Now it has been translated by Cyril Connolly and published in this country by Macmillan at 3s. 6d., under the new title of *Put Out the Light*.

Blind Germans

The production of the original book is remarkable enough. We have heard a great deal about underground newspapers and their editors. But it is not generally known that complete books are written, printed, bound and sold in their thousands in underground France. It must be difficult enough to run a newspaper under the nose of the *Gestapo*, but to publish beautifully written and reasonably bound books—!

Drieu La Rochelle, the leader of the French writers collaborating with the enemy, has been forced to write: "Almost all the intellect, almost all the poetic spirit of France is against us. . . ."

Yes, the writers of France have been busy in their basements and their back-rooms. While the Nazis stalked the pavements outside they observed and recorded the things moving under the surface. Some of them were subtle as only the French could make them. Some of them quite intangible—like silence.

The German censorship actually passed these books because they completely failed to see their double meaning. For these writers were capable of concealing a call to arms in a sonnet. . . .

But this story is not a call to arms. It shows a French uncle and his niece already heavily armed with a devastating weapon. After the high Nazi officer was billeted on them, they fulfilled all their domestic duties punctiliously—but they never spoke.

He would come back from the German H.Q. in the evenings, knock on their door and enter. He would talk about the weather, about France and literature. He would wait sometimes, for a comment, a word. It never came.

And in the end, every evening, he made a slight bow and used the same parting words: "I wish you a very good night."

Then they would hear his unequal steps going up the stairs, and the silence settled more heavily on the house as though the whole house were dead.

It went on for a month. A month of monologue in which the German officer talked every evening, talked with a wide knowledge of cultural France. And then, always: "I wish you good-night."

Sometimes the knowledge that he would get no answer made him talk fast to cover the gaps. Sometimes there was a flash of something in his eyes. But he contained himself and remained perfectly polite.

Winter gave on Spring, and still he talked and still there was no answer. A whole year in which he might have been talking to himself. Once he said: "We have to overcome the silence of France. . . . I am glad of that."

For this Nazi officer was intelligent enough to know how to appreciate people who loved their own country.

Lost Courage

Certainly, by then, silence had become a terrible weapon in the hands of the French. Silence when the German band played. Silence when the German guards marched past. Silence because the *Gestapo* was listening somewhere near-by. And silence in the old house with the French uncle and his young niece.

It wore down many Nazi nerves. It broke their arrogance. And for Werner von Ebrennac the tension gradually mounted, his extraordinary one-man conversation became more personal, until one night after more than a year, an odd little drama took place.

They heard the sound of Ebrennac's footsteps coming slowly up the stairs. They were slower than usual, and before he reached their door they felt that something had happened.

Suicides

The footsteps reached the last stair and stopped. There was a pause. It lengthened. And suddenly they knew the silent struggle that was going on out there, the struggle of a hard-bitten officer of the ruthless Nazi régime to—knock at a door and enter!

At last came three of the most deliberate knocks they had ever heard him give. It was the beginning of the end. When he entered the room the silence remained terrible, overpowering. Then he broke it abruptly. "It is my duty to say something very serious to you."

Two things had happened to this Nazi officer. He had cherished the illusion that his own people, the German conquerors, intended to let the true spirit of France rise again in due course. The previous night they had told him: "You don't suppose that we are going to be such fools—do you?"

Now he had come to tell them that there was no hope for France—or for himself.

Something similar happened in dozens of other cases. Something which always began with the silence.

It drove some of the Nazis to furious anger. It chilled the more experienced ones. It forced others to ask for a transfer to Norway, Italy, Rumania, anywhere where people were human and talked—a few ordinary, everyday words. . . .

Volunteer for Russia

Because he could get neither transfer nor conversation, Captain Jan Schultzer jumped into the Seine one night. Corporal Heine was found shot with his own revolver. There were others like them. Others who craved a touch of friendliness in a land of silent hostility.

Werner von Ebrennac was different in many ways. But in the end he was driven from France, too. He left the Frenchman and his niece, left the silence and his illusions, and volunteered for the Eastern front.

I cannot hope to convey, in this short space, the real qualities of this remarkable book. It needs to be read. And if you are one of those who feel that French always loses something when it is translated into English, well, try Cyril Connolly's version.

Acting Their Way to Sanity

IN few hospitals the medical staff invite the patients to abuse them in public.

But there is at least one such hospital—a healing centre for the war-shattered nerves of Allied soldiers, sailors and airmen—in which, in a small theatre, any member of the audience may climb on to the stage and do just that!

★ ★ ★

One example was the man who, deliberately fixing with a baleful eye a senior hospital official in the front row, asked irritably: "Why don't you people keep your noses out of my business?"

It was because they didn't keep their noses out of his business that he was able later to return to civilian life quite cured and to carry on that business successfully.

The theatre concerned is devoted to a highly specialised form of acting—psychodramatics.

The treatment is based on a theory evolved by the ancient Greek dramatists more than two thousand years ago—that all acting of dramatic situations is primarily an outlet for strong emotions, not only for the actors themselves but for their audience.

Drama on the stage, these ancients argued, was really a form of therapeutic treatment, preventing the bottling up of emotions which otherwise might lead at the best to nervous disorders, at the worst to tragedy.

So it is that in this Year of Grace, 1944, war-torn Servicemen are acting out their own tragedies on the stage of a theatre whose audience is composed mainly of their fellow victims; and that in doing so they are curing themselves of countless nervous and mental disorders.

It is only by persuading new patients to climb on to the stage and let themselves go that many cases can be unravelled by the psychodramatic experts.

Some of the shattered nerve troubles, for instance, are actually found to be caused by incidents which occurred many years before the war! These incidents, which strongly affected the patient's brain at the time, have since been obscured by other events, only to be resurrected in worse form by some tragedy of the present day.

The hospital has many grateful letters from such patients, now back in the Services in full health of mind and body, or successfully reinstated in civilian life.

In most cases, the co-operation of the audience is almost as important as the victim's own unrestrained stage act.

★ ★ ★

At the conclusion of such "personal appearances," the patients in the audience talk the whole thing over with the victim himself, bringing the fresh air of common-sense to blow into the stifled mental cupboard containing his long-repressed horror or grievance.

The magnificent co-operative work of audience, actor, and experts is producing such heartening results that it has aroused the interest of mental and nerve authorities throughout the world.

These experts are inclining to the view that psychodramatics may not only play a big part in sorting out the post-war troubles of thousands of ex-Servicemen and civilians, but in contributing towards the cure of that ancient problem of the business world—the fitting of round pegs into round holes.

★ ★ ★

The treatment is not necessarily wrapped in gloom and tragedy.

There are instances of humour which help a lot.

One of them concerned a man who was a mass of imaginary symptoms.

He was on the stage one day, shouting about his complaints, grumbling of aches and pains everywhere, moaning that he felt as if he hadn't any head at all, and was hot and cold, and couldn't stop trembling.

"I can't sleep!" he wailed. "My body aches! I'm hot! My head aches!"

A shout of laughter interrupted him, and one member of the audience called out with a giggle: "How can your head ache if you haven't got one?"

It fetched the actor up with a bang in the middle of his recital of grievances, and after a momentary look of embarrassment he was forced to join in the laughter.

That incident cured him!

PATRICK SPENCER.

JOHN BULL

By A. G. GARDINER

Learn or Pe

THIS is a week of fateful memories. On August 8, four years ago, began the Battle of Britain. It was our darkest hour then. It lives as the proudest hour in our history now. For we saved England by our exertions and we saved the world by our example.

To-day the full significance of that immortal hour is apparent. The crash of Nazi Germany is imminent, and the deliverance of Europe is a matter of months at the most—perhaps of weeks.

The portents of the end are overwhelming. On every front the enemy's armies are in flight.

Within Germany all is chaos. The Hitler gang are fighting for their lives against the military faction.

For the moment the murderous Gestapo is on top. Its talons are deep in the vitals of the country, and the heads of the Army chiefs are rolling in the dust. "Suicide," they call it. But whether murder or suicide, it shows that Germany's number is up.

The same fact is proclaimed all round the compass. Turkey has been a long time making up her mind. But at last she has come off the fence and her action is as deadly to Germany as many defeats in the field would be.

At a stroke the whole Balkan front is in liquidation, and the moral effect throughout Europe will be catastrophic.

No less ominous for Germany are the happenings in Finland. They show that the stampede to safety is in full swing. Nothing can stop it, and with every day it will gather momentum.

Against this avalanche what is Germany's hope? The flying bomb and the flying rocket.

No one will underrate the grievous suffering which the first has on innocent and helpless people. It is the perfect expression of Hitler's satanic gospel of "total war."

But as a military weapon it is worthless. It cannot turn the tide of battle.

* * *

In view of all this, one question is urgent. The war is near its end. Are we ready for the peace?

We began the war by being hopelessly unready—so unready that but for the miracle of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain, Hitler might to-day be master of the world, with Japan as the only potential challenger left.

Are we more ready to win the peace than we were to win the war? Let us never forget the warning we have had from the failure of the last peace. Is that experience to be repeated? If not, how is it to be avoided?

* * *

This is the question that should govern the talks which open at Washington on Monday next. On that day representatives of the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union meet to consider "the subject of general international organisation for peace and security."

It is assumed that the discussion will occupy two or three weeks, after which the conclusions reached will be considered by Britain and America, with a Chinese delegation. This procedure is due to the fact that Russia is not at war with Japan.

There was no parallel to these conversations in 1918. And these conversations are not, of course, the first approaches that have been made to the drafting of an agreed peace policy.

British guns blaze away as the German army faces its inevitable end

There have been personal contacts between Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, at which, no doubt, the question of peace, as well as of war, was considered.

An advisory committee representative of the Big Three has long been in existence for the elucidation of strictly European problems. There have been important conferences at Hot Springs and Bretton Woods on financial, economic and humane aspects of post-war policy.

General principles have been laid down in the Atlantic Charter, and have had the *prima facie* endorsement of the Powers.

And, finally, both the great parties in the United States have committed themselves to seeing the Peace through to a final world settlement. The importance of this fact cannot be exaggerated.

Nothing contributed more to the failure of the Peace of Versailles than the return of America to the doctrine of "isolationism." It doomed the League of Nations and helped to sow the seeds of World War 2.

That calamitous desertion will not be repeated, no matter what happens at the coming Presidential. America knows at last that the world is one and indivisible, and that she

It Costs a Lot to Keep a Soldi

WAR has made us blasé to big figures. For overnight a speedy debate and a stroke of the pen will yield another thousand million pounds for the purposes of war—a mere bagatelle!

So few people will marvel to learn that it costs thirty million pounds to equip and sustain a single army corps, seventeen and a half millions for a single armoured division, thirteen millions for one infantry division.

To maintain all the Forces requires no fewer than 3,500,000 items—most of them going to the armies on the move at a cost of some three million pounds a day. Over six hundred millions was spent to equip the Army, Navy and Air Force in the first few months of war.

But what does all this mean when translated into terms of the individual soldier?

★ ★ ★

For a start, it costs £20 to furnish him with his eighty-four items of equipment, including forty-one articles of personal kit.

His boots alone run away with 31s. 6d. Clothing, in all, costs £13 7s. 7d., a further £15 19s. 11d. if the soldier is sent to an Arctic front, £16 15s. 2d. if bound for the tropics.

Kit of an A.T.S. girl totals £13 0s. 11d., the lowest of all. Highest priced is the lavish outfit of a paratrooper—£18 17s. 2d. Arms are a costly item in the case of these aerial commandos, who have on occasions captured Normandy castles and held them against almost impossible odds.

★ ★ ★

But basic equipment includes clothing, rations, compass, steel files, first-aid outfit, aerial maps and photos, morphia pills. Their American counterparts have been styled by Rommel's staff officers "luxury divisions," their outfit including even chewing-gum.

Shortly after the capture of Cherbourg, Major-General Sayler, Chief Ordnance Officer of the European Theatre of Operations, set up his organisation in or near the port. The part played by this gun-and-ammunition chief in keeping invasion moving is a mighty one: 1,500 lb. of ordnance equipment is required to send the average soldier into battle. He then needs 30 lb. more every week to keep him there.

Food is as important soldier eats five pounds a day, of which one po

Large numbers of to-day are equipped radio sets, for each many receiver-transmi them just little boxes ably to men's backs.

But, including those infantrymen, machine-men, paratroopers and so varied in character hundred different type five hundred spare par in battle trim for six

★ ★

Most weapons and vehicles are, in effect, tion (in many cases t of a soldier, and are t ticular responsibility, sponsibility varies in

A Bren costs £31, b to make a 25-pounder. individual Army veh fewer than 150,000 di

About a hundred t absorbed in designing to produce the avera thousand working dra

erish

is an indissoluble part of it. She sinks or swims with it.

All this gives ground for confidence that the catastrophe of Versailles will not be repeated. The Allies will go into the Peace Conference with a knowledge, a sense of collective responsibility and a gravity that were absent from that of 1919. They will have, or should have, reached a large measure of agreement on all the main issues of world order and world security.

Their approach to those issues will be from widely different angles. What is to be done with Germany? What is to be the basis of a new World Structure? How is it to be administered? How policed?

How can national sovereignty be made to conform to international necessity? What State rights should be surrendered to the super-State? Who shall enact the law, who shall administer the law and with what sanctions shall we enforce the law?

These, and a multitude of questions such as these, will evoke different responses from Moscow, London and Washington—not to speak of the 40 other capitals.

* * *

But all the differences will be reconciled if we will remember the vastness of the goal we are pursuing.

It is the task of making out of this multiple world, with all its diversity of interests, passions and purposes, a single society guaranteeing peace, justice and equal opportunity to all nations.

Only in this way can the gospel of force be outlawed. Only in this way can the civilisation that has been shattered be restored and preserved against future outrage. Only in this way can this earth ever again be tolerable for man's brief earthly dwelling.

"Learn or perish" was the late Lord Grey's comment after the last war. We did not learn and freedom has nearly perished. We must not fail to learn this time.

...r in Battle

...rms. Every food weight is bread. ...y personnel ...individual ...on operates ... many of ...ped comfort-

...ued to key ...ers, mortar ...ers, sets are ...to need two ... valves and ...keep them ...ns.

...red fighting ...r the direc- ...e direction) ...ore his par- ...gh this re- ...tude.

...takes £2,248 ...intenance of ... requires no ... items. ...f paper are ...ttleship, but ...A. gun two ... are needed.

One Churchill tank equals £15,000

Each gun costs from £5,000 to £7,500, according to type and calibre. A hundred or more tanks may be lost in a single battle, yet £15,000 is lavished on the 16,000 separate parts of every 38-ton Churchill tank, each one under the charge of an individual soldier and his four mates.

MAURICE BENSLEY.

He Hasn't Done So Badly!

YES, the licence given to Court jesters centuries ago now seems to be allowed again.

Certainly times have changed since the days when, as Harry Lauder was considered "a comedian," he was not allowed to appear before Queen Victoria at Balmoral with the other members of the concert party with whom he then toured. "We are not amused" applied to all comics.

Yet the time came when Lauder, then Sir Harry, was a house-guest at Glamis, the Queen's childhood home.

"Trinder's the Name"

It is the case of Tommy Trinder, who now receives something like £700 a week—that is, until the income tax man gets busy—that reminds me of this.

The King, receiving him after a recent performance, recalled that he had seen Trinder's act up North years ago, when he was Duke of York, and added, "You've got on, since then."

"You haven't done so badly yourself, sir," is the reply attributed to the advertiser of "If it's laughter you're after, Trinder's the name."

Before then, during his performance, Trinder's patter was half drowned by the overhead noise of outgoing bombers.

Addressing the King, who was in the front row, the comic said: "You're the guv'nor. Can't you quieten them down a bit?"

Swaffer Talking

Why the Aussies Win!

Because, a year ago, *Yank*, the illustrated weekly officially printed for American troops, said, "Our idea of an Aussie is a six-footer, standing in a torn and dirty uniform, a rifle in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other, cussing and beating hell out of anything that comes along," the Commonwealth of Australia has issued a pamphlet contradicting the legend that their troops are wild and undisciplined, and giving proof.

"In the veteran units, saluting, parade ground drill, dress and bearing," writes Gavin Long, the Australian war historian, "are smarter than I have seen in any British regiment except the Guards."

Only in the few cases where "training and organisation" has not been the first and greatest commandment, declares Long, Australian troops have not done so well.

To-day they have schools of jungle warfare, of commando fighting, and of unarmed combat. In one, held in a rain forest north of Sydney, a leading Australian naturalist teaches the men how to keep alive by eating the things that grow in the jungle and the animals that run and creep there.

The Cockney Kid

"Amid all eagerness, disappointments and tears of bitterness," writes A. Abbott, of Burnley, "there are gleams of sunshine caused by our national humour.

"In my district there were considerably more applicants than children.

"One couple had put down their names quite early for a little girl.

"When it came to their turn, the only one left was a boy from London.

"'Oh!' they said, 'you're a boy, and we did want a girl!'

"'Well,' replied the boy eagerly, 'I can put on a pinny!'

"I feel somehow that the couple would not regret their choice."

"This Happy Breed"

Anglo-America had a big night in Hollywood "in honour of our fellow-player, Sir Aubrey Smith."

The knighting of the veteran actor was celebrated by "a pipe-night," with the British Consul-General and the Mayor of Los Angeles as the other guests.

Tom Geraghty, who now censors Hollywood's films for export, sends me the programme, which refers to the leading people present as "this happy breed of men."

The "pipemasters"—they proposed the toasts—were Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Tom Powers, the American actor who first appeared in London in "Oh Joy" at the Kingsway, and the chairman was Charles Coburn, the Old Bill of the Broadway version of "The Better 'Ole."

Safe from Hitler!

A Civil Servant living in London had his windows and doors blown in by a flying-bomb. So he asked for, and obtained, a day's leave to carry out emergency repairs, which included replacing the broken glass in the windows.

From early morning until late at night he laboured. Then, while he stood surveying his completed work before going in to supper, the alert sounded and almost immediately he heard a doodle-bug coming his way.

When he had dived into the garage for shelter, the bomb burst some two hundred yards away.

Emerging from his garage, he found that blast had again destroyed his front door and all the windows excepting one pane.

Without more ado he picked up a handy brick and threw it through the remaining window, remarking: "The bastards won't have that one, anyway."

"Buy British"

Even after Alex Munro, Dave Morris and Harold Ramsay had broadcast Bruce Sievier's number, "The V-Sign Song," four leading British publishers turned it down because of "No paper." Two of them admitted it would be a hit.

Refusing to be beaten, Sievier got several artistes to sing it in panto, "with great success."

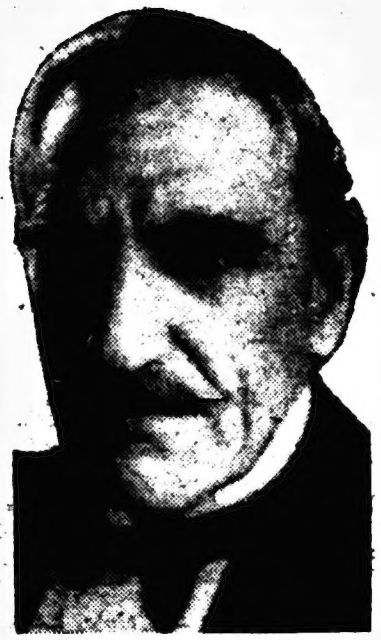
Then George Formby recorded it and sang it on the air.

Still, publishers turned it down.

Marie Burke, sent a copy in Sydney, replied she could not broadcast it there, "unless it is by an Australian," which Sievier's father was.

Gracie Fields promised to do her best with it in the States.

Yet although there is plenty of paper, apparently, for the printing of songs imported wholesale from the States, "no paper" bars its publication.



Hollywood's fine old English gentleman—Sir Aubrey Smith

"Why have I spent over nine years in uniform?" asks Sievier, now in the R.A.F. "Obviously because I am a patriot, not because I write songs."

When Genius Plays

When Jim Jarche, the *Illustrated* photographer, met Einstein recently at Princeton, where the emigré German Jew has a professorship, he found him anything but a dull expounder of relativity.

Instead, he betrayed an almost childish delight in the cheap toys and puzzles with which his pockets were filled.

So, despite his expert membership of the Magicians' Club, the photographer, wishing to put his sitter in a good mood, had to profess abysmal ignorance when Einstein said, "You can't do this one"—meaning a puzzle of the kind you buy in the London streets for twopence!

Broadminded Censorship

The Lord Chamberlain's rule against allowing the impersonation of living men on the stage seems to have been superseded in his licensing of the revue running for the season at the Grand, Blackpool.

There, Afrique is allowed to appear in a Palm Beach suit and make a "My friends" speech as Roosevelt—yes, he shows the lameness caused by his paralysis—and in a Trinity House uniform as Winston.

He would also do Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek, I suppose, except that they speak foreign tongues.

Before the war, the impersonation of Hitler was banned—for fear of the Fuehrer!—and, earlier still, Archie de Bear was refused permission to put Baldwin and his pipe in one of his scenes.

Both Sonnie Hale, in a Cochran show, and J. H. Roberts, in a Charlot revue, were allowed to impersonate—Hannen Swaffer.

Not that he minded, for he gave Hale one of his ties and Roberts one of his hats—so that they would be right.

Afrique imitates Winston's huskiness admirably. He even smokes a cigar!

At the time, he had been fingering some beautiful carving on a panel beside the fireplace

The Invisible Chateau

A Short Story By Harry Hearson

Drawing by Edgar Spenceley

WHEN Private Palmer, perspiring with the effort of running, burst in with the news that the Germans were in retreat and heading in the direction of the Chateau, Corporal Higgs was seated in a Louis Quinze chair at an inlaid period bureau, pencilling a report.

The violence of Palmer's curses seemed to lift him from the frail seat as if shot up by compressed air, and he swung round on the bearer of ill tidings with a series of sharp questions. These answered, he stumped across a magnificent carpet to the window.

It was a large window, reaching almost from floor to ceiling of the library, and through it he caught just a glimpse, between the thick belt of trees cradling the chateau, of the roofs and church tower of the Normandy township in a dip beyond the winding road.

"Very pretty," he remarked morosely. "And to-morrow it'll be a shambles."

Private Palmer grunted in sympathy. "Can't we do anything about it, Corp?" he asked. "If we don't, they'll discover this place. And then where'll our precious discovery be?"

Corporal Higgs pondered, making irritable sucking noises. "I wish to God," he said, "we could make the dam' place invisible." He thrust his hands into his pockets and stared morosely at the belt of trees.

Across that dark background his mind began to project little pictures of the past week's activities in a flickering sequence.

The stealthy scenes of the night when, with instructions to spy out the lie of the land behind the German lines, he and his little band of men had parachuted down into a countryside of woods and hills as yet untouched by the treads of tanks and the boots of soldiers.

The swift uplift of the discovery that the mayor of the near-by township was of the French underground movement.

But the most potentially valuable discovery had been quite accidental.

Corporal Higgs had stumbled on that himself, in this very room, two days ago.

At the time, he had been fingering some beautiful carving on a panel beside the fireplace, when a whole section of wall had swung silently and without warning towards him, and he had jumped back with a grunt.

Careful inspection had revealed a surprisingly large passage. It was quite big enough for them to walk upright without brushing their heads on its cobweb festooned roof, and three of them had started out along it with flashlights. To their astonishment, it had taken them an hour's steady shuffling through the thick dust of years which lay underfoot before they reached its far end, where they found themselves faced with what looked like a blank wall of solid stone, the ruins of a monastery.

It was Corporal Higgs' flashlight which discovered the circle incised on the surface of the stone, enclosing a protruding knob, and it was Corporal Higgs' thumb, pressed gingerly on the knob, which had caused a section of the stone to swing away from them.

Later, they had traced the winding road back to discover, after five miles of swerving, climbing, and dropping again, with at least three hairpin bends where it ran around the shelf of a hill, that it was the self-same road which meandered past the big wrought-iron gates of their private chateau H.Q.

A subsequent careful checking on their reconnaisance maps revealed the great détour of the road between two points.

Corporal Higgs swung round suddenly from the window. "Listen here!" he snapped, a note of suppressed excitement in his voice. "We know the Jerries are falling back this way, with the Canadians tight on their heels, and like enough they'll come up this very road. They're blowing up every building they pass, but if only we can keep them out of this damned great chateau . . . ."

And Corporal Higgs eagerly outlined his plan.

BUT as he finished speaking the gleam faded slowly from his eye and the exultant note died out of his voice. "What's the use!" he said flatly. "They'll find this place and blow it up—and phut! goes the passage with it. You can't make a blasted great chateau invisible!"

For fully a minute Private Palmer stood quite still, his chubby face strained with the effort of hard thinking. Then, without a word of explanation, he rushed out of the room.

"Gone mad, I suppose," Corporal Higgs told himself sardonically, and moved over again to the window, only to catch a glimpse of Palmer bolting through the trees.

For the next five minutes the corporal was alone with his thoughts.

Private Palmer reappeared as hurriedly as he had departed, and, seizing the corporal by the arm, galloped him out, through the belt of trees, down the long drive past the overgrown lawns, and through the gateway into the road, where he swung him around facing the direction they had come.

"There!" he puffed. "Look!"

And Corporal Higgs, trying to see the vista as a stranger might, saw a pair of tall pillars breaking the continuity of an estate wall. From the pillars hung massive wrought-iron gates, through whose ornate scrolls all that was visible was a quite small area of green grass backed by a thick belt of trees, whose trunks were so closely spaced that the chateau itself could not be seen beyond them.

He patted Palmer on the shoulder. "I know all about that, laddie," he said. "But what we've got to remember is they don't actually need to *see* the building. Any ruddy fool would know these huge gates and the drive from them lead to *something*."

"Ah," replied Private Palmer mysteriously. "But if . . ."

And for several minutes he, too, spoke rapidly in a low voice fired by enthusiasm.

"We could get the job done during the night before the Jerries get this far," he concluded.

"We'll chance it!" Corporal Higgs was obviously impressed. "Get the boys together and tell them about it. I'll go on down to find the Mayor and make arrangements so nothing goes wrong at the last minute."

But nothing went wrong with the arrangements.

The job was completed before the sun, topping the trees around the chateau, revealed to a lookout in a high tower the first signs of the enemy force falling back along the road towards the town below them.

Within an hour the ground was shaken by explosions, and they saw houses going up in smoke and flames. It was a sight which made Corporal Higgs' hard-boiled band of soldiers cold with anger.

"We'll fix 'em," the corporal promised his men. "I'm off now to make contact with our chaps." And he was gone, climbing a wooded slope at the back of the chateau, skirting the course of the retreating German columns.

He was back again inside an hour, and with him were a tough bunch of shock troops with heavy machine-guns, headed by a determined major and some sappers with mines and one or two censored weapons.

Private Palmer met him at the foot of the woods.

"It worked!" he reported happily. "They're still going by along the road."

Corporal Higgs nodded, and patted Palmer on the shoulder. "See you later," he said, and led the major and his force to the secret panel in the library. . . .

Later, when the authorities had had time to work things out, they decided that the assault from the ruined monastery must have caught the advance guard of the retreating Germans just as the rearguard had passed the chateau gates. The retreating columns were completely bottled up and forced back on themselves like a compressed concertina.

It was all over in a couple of hours, and the major sought out Corporal Higgs.

"A grand idea of yours, Higgs," he said. "I'll see your name goes forward in the right quarters."

CORPORAL HIGGS saluted. "Thank you, sir. But—er—half the credit should go to Private Palmer, sir. It was he who stopped the Jerries finding the chateau and blowing it up and sealing the passage."

"Blowing up the chateau? Oh, yes, of course!" The major was quick on the uptake. "Yes, it's funny how they came to miss a dam' great place like this. How on earth——? Dammit, Higgs, you can't make a chateau invisible!"

"Just what I said to Private Palmer, sir. But I was wrong. He *did* make it invisible—in a sense. At any rate, he fixed it so the Jerries would swear there wasn't any such place."

A ghost of a smile twitched at Corporal Higgs' official cast of countenance.

"You see, sir, it was Palmer's idea that we get lorries in the town, move some tombstones from the churchyard, and set them up on the grass down yonder. And I must admit, sir, that when you come up the road from the village now and look through those great wrought-iron gates, the place really does look like the local cemetery."

HUMAN MACHINE

GLEANINGS FROM UNKNOWN SAGES

Much wisdom has been uttered by unknown people. Here are a few things said by some of these unknowns—but they knew plenty:—

"Let the business of everyone else alone and attend to your own. Every man has in his own life, follies enough; in his own mind, troubles enough; in the performance of his duties, deficiency enough; in his own fortunes, evil enough, without minding other people's business."

"Many a man has missed being a great man by splitting himself into two middling ones."

"Many are the valiant purposes formed that end merely in words; deeds intended that are never done; designs projected that are never begun; and all for want of a little courageous decision."

"Perseverance has been the radical principle of every truly great character."

And someone unknown has very neatly defined perseverance as:—

"Falling nineteen times and succeeding the twentieth."

Not the least profound was the reply made by a man to a friend who, watching him cutting a steeply sloping lawn, remarked: "You've got an awful lot of uphill in your garden!"

"Yes," said the other. "But, come to think of it, I've got just as much downhill!"

There's a whole world of wisdom in that point of view.

GRAFT

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

- **Graft has enabled one man to cheat the country of £750,000.**
- **Another was offered £10,000 for a minute's work and a telephone call.**
- **Thirty million pounds is the sum involved in official contracts alone.**
- **The police have investigated more than three hundred cases of bribery in two years.**
- **Yet for every conviction a dozen cases never reach the courts!**
- **And besides graft there is appalling mismanagement in city affairs.**

IT has become the canker in the State. It is flourishing as never before despite all the laws, regulations, standing orders and confidential instructions issued to prevent it.

Gigantic contracts, and the haste with which they have to be allocated, have made the grafter's life a path of golden roses.

Shortage of staff, the press of emergency decisions, have encouraged municipal maladministration, dangerous irregularities and gross incompetence.

For the sake of convenience, I propose to deal with the two together—with actual corruption and the milder but very widespread evil of maladministration.

First, a word about the prevalence of bribery.

In the ranks of the grafters have been:—

Mayors.
Aldermen and councillors.
Government officials and workmen.
Civil Servants.
Contractors.
Accountants.
Municipal employees—and others.

What Has It Cost?

Alike among the victims are great city corporations and small rural councils.

Government Departments—the Admiralty—Ministry of Aircraft Production—Ministry of Supply—Ministry of War Transport and the Ministry of Food among them—have been repeatedly robbed.

Often, fraud could have been prevented had proper investigation been made at much earlier stages, so officials of these Government Departments are in many cases to blame for the incompetent manner in which war contracts have been handled.

How much has been involved?

Well, since the war began at least £30,000,000 has been involved in fraudulent or irregular transactions in which Government or municipal departments have been deceived in the *known* cases.

Unfair Competition

Any senior Treasury official, or any Scotland Yard officer concerned with the matter, is aware that for every graft scandal brought to light a dozen or more have been shelved or remain undetected for want of sufficient proof to justify convictions in a criminal court.

In the last two years, more than 300 independent police inquiries, sixty per cent. of which concerned major scandals, have been instituted by Scotland Yard officers alone. Many more have been, or are being, dealt with by local police forces.

In one case that has yet to be made public, Scotland Yard men have for months been digging up deeply buried facts that date back many years. If proof is now obtainable several prominent people will be named.

In another instance, detectives are still trying to unravel the last details of a case they began some two years ago!

Now let me list the kinds of "graft" and "municipal maladministration" which provide the gravest scandals:—

I have evidence of councillors and other officials accepting presents, in money or in kind, for using their influence to show favour to contractors who were acting in unfair competition with honest firms in the same lines of business.

Of tenders put in at the lowest figure after the tenderers have been "tipped off" at the last moment as to the amounts tendered by their rivals.

Of tenders that have been left blank where the figures should have been inserted. The blanks have been later filled in by official confederates just before the question of selection was due to come up for discussion.

Of tenders "worked in" by interested persons after secret information had been passed to the contractor concerned, and the tell-tale figures added.

In one big city I visited during a recent special tour of inquiry I interviewed many well-known citizens.

One told me that had he used his official position to show favour to a friend regarding just one Government contract, his reward would have been £10,000.

It's bad enough when it's five shillings, but in some cases it's a matter of thousands!

In another case I have in mind, which ended in convictions, £500 in notes was paid to an official by a contracting firm whose last-minute information about tenders enabled them to *increase* their figures by an appreciable sum and still secure the contract.

Another case concerns a contractor who, with the aid of a municipal overseer, made over £20,000 in a few months by overcharging for work done and by using inflated invoices that were "checked" and "passed" by his official hireling.

Even in cases where graft does not arise, but where money has been lost through incompetence, there is evidence of innumerable cases where councils have left their accounts to inexperienced auditors.

"Ghosts" on Payroll

Then there is the extensive scandal of councillors with financial interests in limited liability companies failing to disclose them but benefiting from their official positions.

Sometimes innocently, sometimes not so innocently!

Next comes the scandal of committees overriding committees, and cases where minutes have been written up in language which does not clearly set forth essential information that should have been revealed.

But to return to graft.

In one case, the chief offender was recently sent to penal servitude. Accountants have now reported to the Home Office that, though the individual charges against him related only to small sums, he has actually defrauded his country of £750,000.

Consider another example. At Liverpool, an ex-councillor named Roland Clare, was found guilty of conspiracy, corruption and the falsification of wage claims and accounts.

Clare, whose official position and reputation helped him tremendously, robbed the Admiralty and Ministry of War Transport of huge sums of money. At one time while waxing rich with the assistance of two Government officials stationed in Liverpool, he had 500 working "ghosts" on his pay roll and drew wages for each of them though they were non-existent.

Clare appealed, and the Lord Chief Justice remarked that it was not pleasing to think that in a great city frauds of this gigantic kind could be permitted by people in responsible positions.

I understand that the Admiralty and the Ministry of War Transport have—and are—taking steps to render this sort of fraud impossible in the future.

The facts point to an urgent need for a complete overhauling of the loose regulations affecting all matters of this kind.

Later, I shall make my own recommendations to end a state of affairs so intolerable that to a great extent they endanger the whole commercial reputation of the State.

And He Kept His Feet Dry!

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT MICHAEL GLADWYCH, at the controls of his Thunderbolt on the way home from escorting a fleet of Fortresses to Berlin, suddenly observed tracer bullets flashing by him on both sides.

He had been "jumped" by three German fighters.

It was a situation that might have worried some people—but not Mike.

He had already flown 180 missions over Europe, and so knew all about German fighters.

He shot one of them down almost automatically before remembering that he hadn't enough petrol left for fancy flying.

★ ★ ★

If there had been only one German left, Mike might have been tempted to repeat an exploit of his early days with the Polish Air Force.

On that occasion, having shot down two of three Germans, he ran out of ammunition and calmly rammed the third at a height of 14,000 ft., setting a steady course for home before losing consciousness.

He awoke two days later in a British hospital, his 'plane having made a skid landing before falling to pieces!

But this time discretion was the better part of valour, and Mike brought the Thunderbolt down to zero feet and hurtled across the tops of hedges.

★ ★ ★

Unfortunately, he hadn't shaken off his pursuers. He still had a German on each wing, and as he gazed over his shoulder at their determined faces he saw they were signalling him to land.

Mike nodded, roared towards the German airfield—and shot up a whole line of swastika-marked 'planes parked along a runway.

Before he was across the airfield A.-A. guns were spitting at him from all points of the compass. But they were a fraction of a second too late, and he was in front of the flak all the way.

True, the flak blew up the two Germans following him—but that, as Mike put it to himself, was their funeral.

It was just another example of Mike's skill combined with Mike's luck—a combination famous not only among his fellow-Poles but in the French Air Force and the R.A.F., with both of whom he had flown and fought in turn before becoming the guest of his present hosts—a cheerful band of American airmen at a British base.

Shaking the dust of the airfield off his undercarriage, he just kept going, though not for as long as he'd have liked.

★ ★ ★

With petrol tanks rapidly running dry he went up into the clouds and then began to glide.

At last he had to step out into thin air with his parachute for company—and was discomfited to observe, whenever there was a gap in the clouds, that there was nothing below him but cold water.

But his luck held.

As he dropped through the last layer of cloud the coast of England hove into sight. And, in his own words, "I slipped my 'chute, and, with the help of a last friendly gust of wind, just made it without getting my feet wet." H. H.

★ If you are in doubt, write to **HUMANIST**, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

No Uneasy Peace This Time

THE mother of three young children, the eldest of whom is six, can't help worrying about their future.

At their age, she writes, they see only the glamorous side of the war—the uniforms, the medals, the stories of valour, the comings home on leave, the flags being put out in honour of local heroes.

I have carefully hidden the horrors from them. They believe that our shelter is bomb-proof, that torpedoed sailors sail home on rafts, that airmen float down in their parachutes. My little son is hoping that the war will last till he is old enough to be in it.

Do you think I am right in concealing the horrible side of war? Will our children be as eager to fight the "Jerries" as their fathers were? Is there bound to be a great war every generation?

For the sake of all the children in the world it is to be hoped that aggressor nations will be really checked from starting another conflict like this.

The problem is one which every intelligent parent has to face. Even the cessation of hostilities will not give us peace of mind until it is finally solved.

In reply to the three questions I should say:

(a) Children under six years of age are too young to grasp the sordid side of war. That can wait till they are older; but it would be wrong to let them grow up with the idea that war in itself is glorious. That is a Nazi doctrine and fundamentally false: (b) British men are not eager to fight the "Jerries" or anybody else.

We are peace-loving by nature. But when we are up against a thing which is essentially evil we are impelled to fight till it is exterminated. We should forfeit our self-respect if we did otherwise.

(c) There is not bound to be a major war every generation. The present struggle would never have occurred if the last had been completely won—if the ideals of the League of Nations had been carried out.

The war of 1914-1918 was said to be a war to end war. In my opinion this is the same war, interrupted by 21 years of uneasy armistice. That mistake will *not* be repeated.

A man has written a doleful letter com-

Children of every land are attracted by the glamour of war

plaining about the noise of the present-day.

The drone of aeroplanes is never silent, he says, the loudspeaker goes on at full blast at all hours. People in flats are disturbed by neighbours dancing overhead after midnight.

I am a poor sleeper and am kept awake by dogs howling, cocks crowing, children yelling, engines whistling, factory sirens blaring, and the unending noise of traffic.

People have recommended putting cotton-wool in the ears, but this is useless. If you know any better method I should be grateful to hear of it.

If that man lived further south he could add to that collection of noises, but he is mercifully free from those. In spite of all his complaints the world is quieter than it was thirty years ago.

WE are spared the iron-tyred milk-carts and the rattle of metal cans; the cobble-stoned streets have disappeared; the trolley-bus is silent in comparison with the old tram.

It is true we cannot stop cocks crowing or dogs barking, but I think the whole problem depends upon the state of one's nerves rather than on one's ears.

Physical health (or lack of it) lies at the back of the writer's complaints. But speaking of noise, here is another letter which reached me recently:

Can you answer this question? Do we hear things in our sleep? I ask because a number of fire-watchers have been having an argument about it.

I maintain that we do. A mother can sleep through all kinds of noises, but rouses the moment her child cries from another room. I myself waken up immediately if my clock stops, although I'm not conscious of its ticking even when awake.

Things like this make me feel sure that we are aware of sounds during sleep.

We certainly hear things in our sleep, but we are not aware that we hear them; otherwise we should not be asleep.

We are aware of many things without realising we are aware of them. A picture hangs over the mantelpiece and we never look at it for months, but we miss it when it is removed.

What happens to us when awake happens also during sleep. We hear, without knowing that we hear, what is familiar and expected. Unusual noises—gunfire, bombs, thunder—invade our dreams and often get misinterpreted.

A man dreams that his wife is using the vacuum-cleaner and rouses to find the noise comes from sirens. Or vice-versa.

I sincerely hope that the fire-watchers are not using the argument to justify their sleeping while on duty!

KILLED WHILE BOMB SPOTTING

● Mr. W. P. Saunders was on duty as a spotter at a Y.M.C.A. canteen when it was hit by a flying bomb; his body was recovered from the debris four days later.

A cheque has been promptly sent to his widow under our Free Air Raid Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an insurance policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against air raids, gas attacks, invasion and bombardment, including substantial benefits for death or loss of sight.

Readers who have not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

A FIRST-HAND description of the landing in Normandy comes from Lieut. J. E. Brown, R. Signals, in a letter to his sister at North Street, Abercynon, Glam:

I landed just a week ago, the day after the first assault troops. It was a thrilling experience being part of such a great armada. As far as the eye could see the green sunlit waters were covered with vessels of all shapes and sizes. And the Hun could do nothing about it, except some furtive and ineffective night bombing.

A great steel raft, rather like a floating football field, took our vehicles on to the beach, and my three-tonner was the first vehicle in our "flight" to touch down.

You can never imagine the quiet excitement of all this; the general amazement that we could do this on "D-plus-one" day, without molestation.

The quiet green fields and countryside disturbed only by the shells being lobbed over our heads by the Navy; the vigorous efficiency of the Commando blokes who guided us along our set paths to safety.

Then the fishing hamlets, rather like some of the spots about Aberystwyth, but lacking the Welsh tidiness. Then the German signposts: "Achtung—Minen!" and in French, "Attention—Les Mines!" with skull and crossbones.

These boards were not, as one of our newspapers stupidly said, to trap our troops into walking on minefields. They were just the logical counterpart of the warning boards all round the British coast, to protect soldiers and civilians who live in those parts.

Then my first Germans—a quiet enough trio, two of them carrying a third on a stretcher under the watchful eye of an R.A.M.C. sergeant.

The French people seemed glad to see us—with the quiet gladness of folk who have suffered too much to be noisily glad about anything. Although, mind you, some of the snipers who had an occasional shot at our lads were young French women who had married "Herrenvolk."

I think that the kids were pleased to see us. Anyway, I was glad that I had saved my sweet ration for some time to them.

. . . Now we have been here a week and Hitler's last battle is fairly on. Over there guns are growling and hammering, but just here the Normandy fields and farms are quiet, and cows graze unconcernedly as Spitfires roar across the sky. It won't be long now!

She works like a slave to cheer up the Forces

Vera Lynn on her recent visit to the troops in India was a great favourite with the boys. Here is a tribute from Cpl. S. T. McCormack, India Command, in a letter to his sister at Kingston Road, Teddington:

We had a surprise last week when we had a visit from Vera Lynn. She got a tremendous reception and worked like a slave to give the lads a good show.

When you consider the heat and the general conditions in this country, it makes you appreciate her all the more for coming out here to us.

Vera went round the hospitals here during the day and gave shows for the patients, before going round the camps in the evening, where she gave two shows each night.

She had to wear a bush jacket and slacks, as you are compelled to [illegible]

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● I returned to coalmining after two years in the Army. Having lost one eye, I was given work at an open cast pit instead of working underground. For seven months I helped to draw about 2,000 tons of coal a day. Then I was recalled to the Army—to cut grass at the roadside of a military depot!—"Home Service," England.

★ ★ ★

Too many relations and friends of councillors are getting "cushy" council jobs at big salaries. A clean-out is overdue.—M. I., Hants.

★ ★ ★

A woman was discharged from hospital earlier than expected. She found the hospital people had taken in advance her tea for the period she was *not* in hospital; her coupons for sweets were taken, although she had no sweets. Her book showed that oranges had been issued during her stay, but none had been seen in the ward.—S. S. Harris, Eighth Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.

What a craze there is for swanking! I saw a child of five in a sailor suit wearing four rows of authentic campaign ribbons.—R. Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth.

★ ★ ★

Ironic to offer men who hope soon to exchange their steel tanks for a real home—a steel house!—"Sympathiser," Lancs.

★ ★ ★

A woman was heavily fined for mentioning in a letter to a relative facts of military importance. Yet these facts had been printed in a daily newspaper for all to see.—J. H., Northampton.

★ ★ ★

Our charwoman has just told us all seriousness that we need fear no attacks from the Germans. She says that the R.A.F. have "busted up" many gasometers over there that the Germans now have insufficient gas for cooking, let alone warfare!—G. Yeovil, Somerset.

Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

malarial precautions at night. r each show Vera was soaked with spiration which came right through jacket—my word, how that girl ted!

Just Grievance

Repatriation, in other words Leave," is a burning topic among e troops who have been serving in stant lands without seeing their milies or homes for many years. soldier serving with the 14th rmy, South-East Asia Command, rites to his father at Plumstead, ndon, S.E.18:

e heard rumours lately that the lifying period for repatriation for iers out here was to be reduced, but ave just been told that Sir J. Griggs announced that the period remains ive years for the S.E.A.C.

his announcement has done more m to our morale than all the news reat successes in other theatres of has done good. We have a legiti- e grouse.

lavy personnel serving ashore in ia do two and a quarter years' vice and then go home.

.A.F. married men do three years; gle men four years. We have hing against flying crews doing only ee or four years; if they survive that they deserve everlasting furlough, the ground crews and the R.A.F. giment (really soldiers) are in a erent category. On the ground we all in the same peril, with luck, haps, against the soldier.

hy does the Army always get the ky end of the deal?

e wonder if Sir J. Griggs has ught of coming East so as to tour Burma Fronts. I wonder if this r Secretary would like to risk his in mud-holes under a red-hot sun five bob a day? In stinking surndings for five years, for five bob a ?

he 14th Army is not an army of users; but this business of repatria- has surely got our goat, and we t butt in on this grievous injustice. terms of service abroad, as far as ia is concerned, should be three rs.

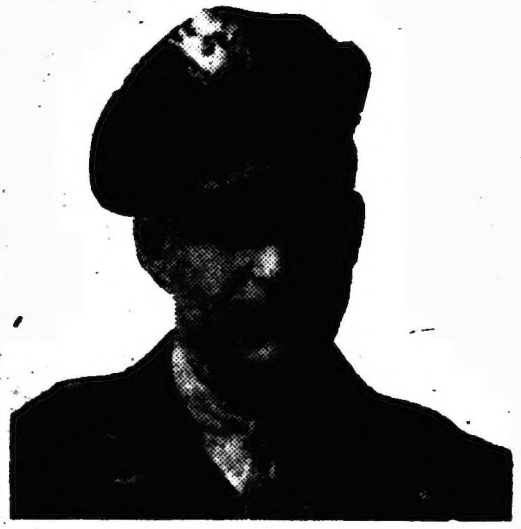
He Rode Back

While doing air training course ith the M.E.F., Sgt. G. Justin, .A.F., "came down" unexpectedly. e writes to his brother at Whiteall Road, Bristol:

am still doing "training," but we e our excitements. We had been g a trip when something went ng and we had to abandon aircraft. hen I landed I found myself all in piece, so I gathered up my paraute into a bundle and set off for a light that I had noticed in the tance. This proved to be a small up of Bedouin Arabs.

hen at dawn came a surprise! Two keys were led out, an Arab mounted while I got aboard the other. ture me mounted on the second key, wearing flying battle-dress, flyboots and nursing my large bundle silken white parachute.

hated donkey riding as a kid, and I do!



Colonel Elliott Roosevelt remembered Pearl Harbour by giving up £19,000 a year to join the army

Fighting Sons of Famous Fathers

ON this "last lap to victory," the sons of the leading statesmen are playing a notable rôle on the battlefield.

Well to the fore in the Red Army's triumphant swoop towards East Prussia is Colonel Vassili Josephvitch Stalin, the great man's youngest son.

Now aged twenty-five, he first showed his great ability as an airman when defending Stalingrad. His squadron, flying Yaks—fastest fighters—destroyed thirty-four German aircraft in a single day. Stalin Junior's own "bag" was a large one.

Later, he was awarded the Order of the Red Banner for front-line gallantry; next, he was given command of the fighter force which helped to capture Lida.

He will probably be among the first Russians to set foot on German soil, for he is determined to win revenge for the destruction of Stalingrad, where he spent many happy days as a small boy.

Born and reared in the Kremlin, he went to an ordinary school. There he became one of the finest of Russia's all-round sportsmen. Indeed, he was more interested in sport than in his lessons, and soon proved that he was a natural leader. Some say he will be eventually one of Russia's greatest leaders.

But Colonel Stalin has reached his present position by his own ability. Not once has he sought assistance from the Kremlin.

Marshal Stalin is proud of that fact—although, as usual, he says nothing.

The same applies to Marshal Tito; so much, in fact, that few people know he has a son.

Zara Broz is now twenty years of age. He has all the spirit of adventure and daring courage that has made his father known throughout the Free World.

Determined to fight the Fascists, Zara Broz enlisted in the Red Army He was one of the many thousands who halted the German advance on Moscow—and in so doing lost his right arm.

The Russians appreciated the gesture of the youth from Yugoslavia, and awarded him the medal of Hero of the Soviet Union.

That news, in turn, brought pride and pleasure to Marshal Tito in his mountain headquarters in Bosnia.

President's Four Boys

President Roosevelt has four sons fighting for the United States. The eldest, thirty-seven-year-old Lieutenant-Colonel James Roosevelt, standing 6 ft. 4 in. in his socks, is one of the toughest of America's "tough guys," the Marines.

James has been said to "grin his way through life." Death, too, has often been close to him, especially when he took part in the Kiska landings and, later, when he was second in command in the attack upon Makin Island.

He led his men into the strongest Japanese strongpoints, destroyed many of the enemy, and left chaos and disorder behind him. It was in this attack that he saved three of his men from drowning in the surf, and was awarded the Navy Cross for his valour.

But medals mean nothing to the Fighting Roosevelts. All they want to do is hit hard and often at the enemy.

However, the family's chief medal collector is Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, aged thirty-three, who recently became engaged to Captain Ruth Briggs, of the W.A.A.C.s, now in Britain.

In 1940 he resigned from his post as president of the Texas Radio network—which meant losing a £19,000-a-year salary—to become an Army captain with an income of £50 a month.

Pearl Harbour was the real turning-point in his career. Then the young man who had "dabbled in photography" as a boy (to use his own words) decided to make aerial photography his war job.

Long hours of hard work and bitter disappointment had to be suffered before he became one of the "master minds" of this particular branch of the U.S. Army Air Corps. He has flown over Britain and the Arctic; did distinguished work over North Africa and Sicily, and was the first man to photograph Rome after the Allied Air Fleets had bombed military objectives in the city.

Now the young man who could have sat back and had an easy job, but preferred action and danger, wears the Air Medal, Legion of Merit, the D.F.C., and was recently made a C.B.E.

The other sons of the President, Lieutenant Franklin Delano, Jun., who is thirty years of age, and Ensign John Aspinwall, who recently reached his twenty-eighth birthday, are both serving with the U.S. Fleet.

Lieutenant Franklin, who won the Silver Star of the U.S. Navy, has served for long periods on naval patrol in the North Atlantic, taken part in some of the fierce Mediterranean battles, and was wounded in the hand during one of them. Ensign John, who has specialised in supply problems, is attached to the Navy Supply Corps at the great San Diego base.

So President Roosevelt—if he had time—could feel mighty proud of the fighting achievements of his four sons.

Seaman de Gaulle

The same applies to General de Gaulle. When the Fighting French leader arrived in Britain in 1940, his son was very young. To-day, Philip de Gaulle is a cadet serving with the Fighting French Navy, and he has to rough it like any other French seaman.

In every case these leaders of the United Nations have left their sons to their own resources. That the young men have succeeded is to their credit—and to their fathers for encouraging them to use their own initiative.

JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON.

Blowing Adolf's Panzoff!

IT was the only time I have ever laughed at anything on a B.B.C. News Bulletin, the other night when they told us that the bomb aimed at killing Hitler succeeded in blowing his trousers off.

What a thing to happen to a man like Hitler! It was lovely!

Like millions of other people, I have spent quite a bit of time during the last five years trying to invent ways of Paying Adolf Back.

* * *

Some of us have had pleasant notions of frying him, or even or raffling him to a pack of wolves. A man I know wanted to lock him up in a room with the ceiling 12 in. above the floor. Another wanted to keep him in a tub on Blackpool Front at a penny a peep.

But nobody ever thought of anything so sweet as this.

Sheer accident, artistic accident, blew his trousers off.

Why, even that other nuisance, Napoleon, though he lost almost everything, did manage to keep his trousers. And thus, up to a point, his dignity.

You can't be dignified without your pants. It's impossible. About the silliest sight on the face of the globe is a man without trousers.

Think of the really dignified ones in history and take the trousers off them and see what you get.

Bismarck, Charles I, Kaiser Bill II, Gladstone. . . . Scores of them.

Oh no, they'd never have got away with it without their trousers. It would have been loud laughter instead of loud applause.

The make-up makes the man. Take all the silly fittings off the Hitlers—the wonderful moustache and hair, the cloak and iron cross—and you've only got a whisper left. But take the trousers off them and you've got a scream.

De-bag Adolf and you've got a Comic Turn. And how on earth can you ever again Heil a Comic Turn?

Such a noisy little man Adolf has been, shouting and stamping and raging. He bellowed his way to the front, if ever a man did. He took himself so seriously at the top of his nasty voice that millions of others took him seriously for no better reason.

And until the other day, whatever his fate in his own generation, he had a chance of remaining a considerable figure in the history books for generations.

But not now. Not with his trousers off. He's done.

The sweetest revenge you could think of. Only none of us thought of it.

* * *

The Master Man without any bags! No, don't let's hang him or shoot him. Let's just leave him like that.

Adolf the Pantless. What a title! He'll stand alone in history for evermore. Which is what he wanted. If not the way he wanted it.

A. G.

riches from the rajahs

Only after many dangers and difficulties was Vasco da Gama able to realise his dream of discovering a sea route to India. But the persistence of the pioneer won through—and the gate was opened on a world of riches. As with History, so with Radio: the records are blazoned with pioneer names—none more famous than that of Mullard.

MULLARD

the dominant name in Valves since radio began

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD. CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AV., LONDON, W.C.2 (90D)

Bread Facts

War experiences prove that the more of the wheat berry there is in bread the better for healthy nourishment. *Allinson ensures the highest wholewheat content—stoneground.*

Allinson Bread & Flour

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Allinson Bread or Flour (for home baking) write to us for the name of your nearest suppliers. Allinson Ltd., 218 Cambridge Heath Road, London, E.2.

Why Mary has no shoe problem

Mary owns a pair of shoes
Which are her joy and pride;
Mary loves to walk about
When other people ride.
Yet Mary's shoes wear very well,
How comfortable they feel,
For each of them is fitted with
A Goodyear Sole and Heel!

* * *

Although Goodyear Soles and Heels, like so many things, aren't always obtainable just when you want them—it's well worth while waiting for them. They not only make shoes last longer, but they help retain your shoes' good looks. So remember to ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR

SOLES AND HEELS

For Men, Women and Children

(including Lightweight "invisible" stick-on soles for women)

LAST LAUGH

DOUGHBOYS (London).—"It is difficult to obtain a really cool drink in London during warm weather." Why not try a cup of tea at a railway buffet?

S. B. (Esher).—"A party of Germans in Normandy were talked into surrendering by a British soldier they had captured." Nobody has thought of trying a long-range bombardment by the big guns of the Brains Trust.

E. N. (Rochester).—"A trapper who has been isolated for nearly five years in Northern Alaska has just returned to civilisation." So he fondly imagines.

S. B. (Margate).—"It is difficult to get table knives resharpened nowadays." Oh, well, it makes for a safe green pea season!

F. N. (London, W.).—"An ex-variety star is now a successful West End tailor." We doubt, however, if his name at the top of a bill is as popular as it used to be?

L. P. (Surbiton).—"On a recent evening when walking in a quiet suburb I was amazed to see a head pop up through a manhole in the pavement." Probably a roof-spotter for a basement flat going on duty.

S. N. (Thorpe).—"After the war, radio telephones on trains will enable travellers to communicate with their homes." At present the usual procedure is to ring up from the station to say there is no train.

E. B. (Ware).—"A high Gestapo officer has been arrested." Himmler has never been pinched except, perhaps, by his pince-nez.

VISITOR (London).—"I wanted bed and board but could only get board." Was that the bed?

H. L. (Hackney).—"The soldier and the civilian both have to put up with irritations." Still, in neither case is the Forces Programme compulsory.

S. N. (Putney).—"The U.S. military police have a wide knowledge of London." We must test this one day by asking to be directed to the British Embassy.

K. L. (Chipping).—"Goering is a keen ornithologist and has studied the birds of every European country." It is said that shortly he plans to inspect a neutral nest-egg.

P. N. (Kirby).—"A very small Japanese was found among captured German troops in Normandy." Tokyo is indignant at the suggestion that he was used as a mascot on a German staff car.

J. H. (Hendon).—"I waited and waited, hoping that the shares would yield a good dividend, only to find that they had dropped to nothing." In other words, you lost all interest in the deal!

D. M. (Nuneaton).—"Three at a picnic is often just one too many." Especially if the odd one happens to be a mosquito.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Sneakin' off to France for safety, eh?"

Side-Slips

SUNDAY POST:—"This provides only one bar of toilet SOUP . . ."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—". . . and the laundry has a WISHING-MACHINE with a wringer . . ."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Two German armoured CARS were also knocked out . . ."

BERKSHIRE CHRONICLE:—"She was given six weeks, with the alternative of fourteen DAYS."

EVENING ARGUS:—". . . and a purse on behalf of the members of Brighton Branch of the BOILMAKERS' Society."

EVENING STAR:—"The driver began to WOBBLE, and, seeing that the car was being badly driven . . ."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"At one point, near ——, the Red Army is pushing the RUSSIANS back on the River —— itself, which . . ."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . had attained the principle object of his visit—'frank and objective TANKS on grave questions of . . .'"

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH:—". . . should suddenly career about the road, having lost control of the WAR, and be unable to regain it."

GREATEST OF THESE

● One ex-sailor we know has not been able to keep a job for more than two months during the last three years—and he has had long spells of unemployment between.

You see, his health was shattered by eight days' exposure to Atlantic storms after his ship had been torpedoed.

He and his wife, for all their struggles, have fallen into debt. And JOHN BULL has answered their SOS. We can assist other ex-Servicemen in distress if you will send a donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All donations are pooled and allocated fairly among deserving cases. Acknowledgments will gladly be sent, though anonymous donations are equally welcome, and current subscription lists are available on request. Administrative expenses are entirely borne by us.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

"BULLETS" No. 1,436

FIRST PRIZE £100

J. Green, 35, The Crescent, Dunscroft, Nr. Doncaster, for this "Bullet":—

SECRET OF SUCCESS "TRY AGAIN"—GERMANY MUSTN'T!

£10: F. Knighton, 33, Wellfield Road, Preston. When The War's Over—Joybells, Thou Trowels, "Ringing."

£5: Mrs. Dagmar Taylor, Highgate, Armitage, Rugeley. Post-war World—Better "Run"? Better Hurry!

£4: H. Woodworth, 20, Mickley Lane, Sheffield. When The War's Over—Nazism Buried—Or "Underground"?

£3: J. Rowan, 91, Walshaw Road, Elton, Bury. German General—Losing Hats? Hates Losing!

£2: E. G. Hockaday, Noss Mayo, Plymouth. Post-war Problem—"Binding" Europe's "Freed" Peoples.

10s.: J. W. Leigh, 9, Strathaird Avenue, Walney. German General—Saw "Light," So "Extinguished."

10s.: J. W. Booth, 55, Grosvenor Crescent, Louth. Fuss And Want—Surviving War, Reviving War.

10s.: L. E. Gowing, 84, Globelands Road, Prestwich. When The War's Over—Golden Age? Golden Opportunities!

10s.: A. Macnab, "Tanjong," New Longton, Preston. This Summer—Helping Germans—Autumn, Allies?

10s.: L. Kibby, 194, St. Michael's Avenue, Yeovil. Finished The Scrapper—"Babble? That's Bud's Hockey!"

Fountain Pen with each of above prizes.

A list of 50 winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

PRIZE-WINNING ANSWERS. XWORDS AND LAUGH-LINES

To help readers of Bulletin and Gazette whose copies are delayed or fail to arrive through causes beyond "John Bull's" control, here are Answers from issues dated Sat., August 12.

XWORDS No. 328.—WINNING WORDS: 1. Bitter. 2. Denied. 3. Pedal. 4. Fag. 5. Fiver. 6. Dial. 7. Snipe. 8. Track. 9. Mime. 10. Lofts. 11. Clash. 12. Mile. 13. Tarn. 14. Packet.

LAUGH-LINES No. 178.—Key Letters E—O—E—A

HARD FACTS about SOFT DRINKS

Let us be frank about it, The supply of soft drinks is not so plentiful as it was in peace time; the reason is that limited stocks of essential raw materials do not permit sufficient production to meet fully the increased summer demand. Your favourite flavour may not always be obtainable; it just depends on the variety of fruit juices arriving in this country. But remember zoning ensures that you receive your fair share of available squashes, cordials and minerals.

S·D·I

The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd.

ons-17

You can't afford to get run down

These are times that call for all the strength and nerve force you can muster. Without powerful reserves of energy you may find yourself unequal to the demands made upon you. Build up those reserves with Yestamin, the tonic Vitamin Yeast Food that steadily and progressively increases your power to resist common ailments, overcomes depression, sleeplessness, indigestion and constipation . . . gives you cheerful confidence. Yestamin is entirely *free from drugs*. Start taking it NOW—it will cost you only a penny a day. That's something you can afford.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN

VITAMIN YEAST

TABLETS & POWDER

1/1½d. & 3/- per bottle. | 1/6½d., 2/3d. & 4/- per tin.

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT

DO YOU HAVE TO REMIND HER TO CLEAN HER TEETH ...?

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

Price 7½d Refills 7d Large size Refills 11½d

Prices P.T. only (including Purchase Tax)

GIVE YOUR TEETH A [illegible] WITH GIBBS

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 2424

Royal Enfield

BICYCLES

WORKING FOR WAR

PLANNING FOR PEACE

This TYPIST says

"I couldn't enjoy even a lunch snack until 'Bisurated' Magnesia ended the indigestion symptoms I used to dread." The cause of digestive upsets is excess acidity—set up by fermenting food which is burdening your digestive system. Correct these upsets with a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals. Ask your chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Prices 7d, to 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax).

'Bisurated' Magnesia

Why not HOLIDAY HEALTH The Year Round

WHEN holidays are fewer and playtime's short, how grand to enjoy 'holiday health' all the year round! You can get this all-the-year-holiday fitness for yourself if you just remember to take Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

While you sleep, Bile Beans create perfect 'inner health.' They tone you up, regulate the system, gently eliminate fat-forming residues. They bring radiant health, clear your skin, and keep you fit and youthful.

With the Aid of Nightly

BILE BEANS

Swift Relief from PAIN!

Minor injuries, Rheumatic twinges, Headaches etc

Many a sufferer from a painful injury, a headache or rheumatic twinges has thanked 'ASPRO' for the calm and comfort it gives. For 'ASPRO' relieves pain quickly and soothes the nerves. A couple of 'ASPRO' tablets bring sweet sleep in place of the sleeplessness that so often aggravates the distress. You awake refreshed—often recovery is greatly helped. Time, money and lying up are saved.

'ASPRO'

Soothes the Nerves and brings Sweet Sleep—

DOCTOR USES 'ASPRO' FOR INSOMNIA

Dear Sirs,—I have found 'ASPRO' most efficacious for the relief of pain and as I have suffered myself from slight insomnia I took a tablet of 'ASPRO' on going to bed with most satisfactory results. I now take one tablet every night which ensures for me four or five hours sleep.—Yours truly,.....
L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. Edin., L.R.F.P.S. Glas.
(Name and Address withheld for professional reasons)

Prices 3½D., 6½D. & 1/3½

(Purchase Tax included)

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH

ASPRO Made by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.

£100 BUMPER Bullets FIRST! and 250 NEW PRIZES!

250 Useful NEW PRIZES

Use any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, September 1.

WHAT BRITAIN WANTS
TOO MANY PEOPLE
BLUNDERER HITLER
WE CAN'T AFFORD
ON THE WHITEHALL FRONT
JOHN CITIZEN
TIDE OF WAR
MIGHT WORK
PEACEFUL SPOT
GOING STRONG

BULLETS 1,436 RESULT appears on page 14

WORRIED MOTHER
OUT OF DANGER
IRON DISCIPLINE
ON EVERY HAND
DICTATOR LANDLADY
BUDDING ROMANCE
CHEERED THE TROOPS
IN GRIM EARNEST
TREAT FOR THE HOUSEWIFE
HEARD IN THE SHELTER

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

HOME FOR .....
FOLLOWING THE .....
REGARDLESS OF .....
UP IN THE .....
IDEAL .....
NEXT TIME WE .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter on plain paper

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps [illegible] at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sept. 2. IF INK RUNS USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,440 Monday, Aug 21.

Signed .....
Address .....

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues previously test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or [illegible]. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest. Complete Xword in ink not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 9 also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£100 CASH for ONE-WEEK X-WORD!

FIRST £25

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No 392

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column. 3p Entry-fee for 1 Col. 3p 3p 3p

1	THESE OFTEN CONVEY NOTHING	P	O		T	E	R	S		
2	VICTIM OF CRUEL HOAX IS LIKELY TO FEEL THIS				J	U	L	L		
3	THERE ARE GARDENERS WHO MAKE USE OF ONE OR TWO OF THESE		P		T	S				
4	ANXIETY PREACHER MAY POSSIBLY BECOME GUILTY OF				L	O	C	K		
5	THE RELATIONSHIP OF TWO PEOPLE TO EACH OTHER CAN BE	P	A		E	N	T			
6	BROOKS MAY SOMETIMES BE THIS				I	R	E	D		
7	WHERE SAILORS MAY PERHAPS GO FOR SAFETY		A		T					
8	OCCASIONALLY MAKES MUSIC-HALL AUDIENCE UNCOMFORTABLE				E	A	T			
9	THERE ARE MANY MEN WHO OBJECT TO DECLARATION OF SUCH DIVIDENDS	B	O		U	S				
10	MAN AFTER A DRINK WILL POSSIBLY GET THIS				E	R	R	Y		
11	IT WILL BE THIS IF INEXPERIENCED PIANIST TUNES HIS PIANO		F		A	T				
12	CAN LEAD TO CONFUSION				A	B	E	L		
13	AVERAGE SOLDIER DISLIKES HAVING TO DO ONE UNNECESSARILY	M	I		E					
14	POST-WAR PROBLEMS HAVE ALREADY LEFT QUITE A LOT OF PEOPLE THIS		F		G	G	E	D		

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Sept. 2.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
372

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, AUG. 21

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,440—or Xword No. 392, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

The fighting man
gives his whole strength
without reserve—and then
he does the same again
and again and again.
And ourselves, here in Britain?
Let us show that we also
have strength.
Let us SALUTE
THE FIGHTING FORCES
with more and yet more saving!

Issued by the National Savings Committee

The **New** *and Different form of* **Aspirin** *for* **Quick Relief of Pain**

ASPIRIN (acetylsalicylic acid) is the most widely used medicament for the relief of pain. 'Alasil' is aspirin, but with an important difference. In 'Alasil' Tablets the purest aspirin is allied with 'Alocol'—a powerful antacid and stomach sedative.

Because of this scientific combination, 'Alasil' Tablets are acceptable to everyone—even to those with delicate digestive systems. Thus 'Alasil' Tablets provide all the pain-relieving qualities of aspirin with additional advantages.

Whenever you need an aspirin, take an 'Alasil' Tablet—the new form of aspirin widely prescribed by doctors.

Take ALASIL for Headache, Colds, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pain, Lumbago, Sciatica, Periodic Pains, Sleeplessness, Digestive Troubles (due to Acidity).

Remember the name ALASIL—the Big Tablet with Big advantages

Alasil
Aspirin with a difference

In Bottles 1/11½ & 1/5. Cartons 6d.

A524

Only the finest ingredients are good enough for MARS..

CHOCOLATE... to Sustain · NOUGAT... to Energise
MILK... to Nourish

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone — everywhere.

Mars

"I heard Mummy say so!"

She's heard Mummy talking about grown-ups who are guilty of Oral Offence. But Mummy says *she* won't have it when she grows up if she always uses Colgate Dental Cream to keep her mouth fragrant and her teeth sparkling.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!*

Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

Excuse me— so much depends on **INNER CLEANLINESS**

Your health, looks and spirits improve when you make Inner Cleanliness with Andrews your first health rule. See how Andrews cleanses: *FIRST*, it refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. *NEXT*, it settles the stomach, neutralises acidity. *THEN*, it tones up the liver, and *FINALLY*, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

ANDREWS

TONIC, REFRESHING, HEALTH-GIVING

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

44-24

WILLS'S
CAPSTAN
CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND) LTD. C.C.T.1093

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsagents' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.